Beaver & Gephart

# Bellefonte Republican.

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Established in 1869. Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN Terms: $1.50 per Year

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16, 1891.

The President took occasion in his speech of welcome to the new Chilian Minister to this country to condense into a few words the invariable policy of the United States towards the contending parties in the recent civil war in Chili that may be profitable studied, not only by the Chilians but by the citizens of the other Central and South American countries, where revolutions are matters of common occurence. He said: "Our people are too just to desire that the commercial or political advantage of this government should be sought by the promotion of disastrous dissentions in other countries. We hear with sorrow every fresh tale of war or internal strife, and are always ready to give our friendly offices to the promotion of peace. If these are not acceptable or do not avail it is our policy to preserve an honorable and strict neutrality, as was done during the recent war in Chili. Tempting commercial and political advantages may be offered for our aid or influence by one or the other of the contending parties, but this we have not deemed to be conisitent with the obligations of international honor and good will. "The outlook for an early and entirely satisfactory settlement with Chili is now decidedly favorable.

Commander-in-Chief Palmer, of the G. A. R. who has been here since the meeting of the National Council of administration, which decided upon the week beginning Sept. 20, 1892, for national encampment in this city, will remain here several days longer. He takes the liveliest interest in the preliminary work now being done by the local committee in charge of the preparations for the encampment, and he has rendered valuable assistance to the committee in the way of suggestions as to how the veterans shall be entertained.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker and his subordinates do not like the manner in which a silly paragraph, originating in the New York *Herald*, which certainly ought to know better, and stating that the instructions of Post Office Inspectors authorize them to open any sealed letter in the mail if they are suspicious of its contents, has been given circulation by the Press of the country. It is unlawful for any person, no matter what his suspicions or even knowledge of the contents of a letter may be, to open a sealed letter passing through the mail, unless authorized by the person to whom it is addressed or their legal guardians so to do, and to strongly impress this upon the inspectors the post office authorities have incorporated in their printed instructions a quotation from a Supreme Court decision affirming that fact. The Herald's absurd statement may have originated from the fact that the British Government makes a regular practice of opening all suspected letters and scrutinizing the contents before delivering them.

Ex-Governor Foraker, of Ohio, who came Crounse, of the Treasury Department, in favor of the selection of a certain sides for the public building at Pueblo, Colorado, has been the recipient of much attention. He paid his respects to the President, Secretary Blaine, and Secretary Foster by calling on each of them. He declines to discuss the Ohio Senatorial question, further than to say that he is a candidate and that he will not withdraw until the Ohio legislature shall have elected a successor to Senator Sherman. When asked about the reported movement to have declared vacant, the seat in the Senate to which Mr. Calvin S. Brice, of New York, was elected by the last Ohio legislature, he said he did not know what, if anything, would be done; that it was a question for the United States to settle, and that the question could only come up in that body upon a statement by Senator Sherman, reciting the facts and requesting an investigation.

The Speakership fight is as yet but little more than a game of expert wire pulling in which about all of the prominent democrats of the country are engaged, and it is possible, even probable, that some man who has not been generally mentioned may after all succeed in carrying off the prize. It looks now as if the question of free coinage of silver which will not down, even at the bid of the democratic Joss, Grover Cleveland, will be the rock upon which the Speakership is in danger of being wrecked, just as it will be in the Presidential campaign. But everybody does not think so. Ex-Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, now here, says: "The democrats of the South and West do not agree with Cleveland on silver, but if he is nominated they will support him. They will go further. They will throw silver overboard if they think it necessary for party success, which is to them the only thing worth considering.

The Brazilian Minister here has received a cablegram saying that tranquility had been restored in the country and the republic is all right.

### PROTECTION WINS.

Since the advent of Free-Trade in the deceptive garb of Tariff "reform" as the main issue in American national politics, the opponents of Protection have never failed to read the results of every election whether State or Federal, as evidence of the growth of Free-Trade sentiments among the people. That they have for the most part refrained from attempting to twist the results of this November's elections into a verdict favorable to Cobdenism may be taken as indisputable proof that they regard Mr. McKinley's election to the governorship of Ohio as a crushing defeat for Free Trade in the country at large. And such indeed is the lesson of the Ohio elections.

In New York the Republican managers made the mistake of catering to the Mugwump vote, which they hoped to win for Mr. Fassitt, so far as to eliminate the Tariff issue from the compaign.

It was not the first time New York Republicanism was lured by the delusive Mugwump bait, and the result this time was exactly what it was on former occasions. New York Republicanism found itself safely hooked on the barbed point of a substantial Democratic majority. We hope they have now learned once for all that every Mugwump vote they succeed in securing will keep half a dozen straight Republicans away from the polls, and that the one never failing slogan to bring out the party vote is, Protection to American labor and industry.

Ohio stands to-day as witness of that fact. In Iowa and Massachusetts, while men personally hostile to Protection were elected, yet the Tariff was of minor importance compared to the local questions which were responsible for the results. Mr. McKinley made a fight fairly and squarely on the Tariff, and was met as fairly and squarely by his opponent, Governor Campbell. The strongest champions of both sides took part in the Tariff discussion. The result was the change of the 11,000 plurality which Mr, Campbell received in 1889 to a magnificent plurality of more than 20,000 for Protection, the largest given to any Governor of Ohio since 1871. That is the way the Tariff works as an issue among American citizens.

So let New York Republican leaders remember, when next they have a campaign on hand, to hoist the banner of Protection. Let them send for McKinley and men of his stamp to stump the State. If they can spur the Democrats into bringing Roger Q Mills to advocate their causes so much the better. He makes votes for the other side wherever he goes. Then will it be no longer said that New York is Democratic in off years. The Empire State always can be depended upon to respond to the call of Protection.—*American Economist.*

### HOW PATTISON FELT.

Henry Hall, the versatile and widely known newspaper correspondent, writes as follows from Harrisburg as to how Governor Pattison felt over the work done by the Senate in extra session assembled to impeach two state officials: In the good old days when Andrew G. Curtin was Governor there was one session during which he and the Senate were not on the best of terms. On the last day of the session the usual committee was appointed to wait on him with the information that the senate was ready to adjourn. In due time it returned and one of the three, a Senator from the north western part of the State, who had a slight impediment in his speech, gravely reported that the committee had informed the Governor that the Senate was ready to adjourn and that the Governor said he "D-didn't-g-give a d—."

It is not to be supposed that Governor Pattison used any such emphatic language to Senators Becker, Steel and Henninger, the committee sent to him on a similar errand to-day, but it is possible that he felt very much as did his more plain-spoken predecessor.

### PENNSYLVANIA GRANGE.

Following is a report of the Pennsylvania Grange as made by Hon. Leonard Rhone to the National Grange convention now in session at Springfield, Ohio: New granges organized, 66, with aggregate charter membership of 1,534 dormant granges reorganized, 18, with aggregate membership of 277, other initiations, 4,737 total increase, 6,648; five Pomona granges organized. Receipts from fees and dues have increased steadily from 2,773 in 1885 to 8,200 in 1891. Paid National Grange during year, $2,637,86. Our insurance companies doing well. Great National meeting of Patrons at Williams' Grove has been of untold benefit to grange cause. Handsome and commodious National Grange hall has been erected in the grove, in which the higher degrees can be conferred in full form. Department of woman's work in the grange accomplished a glorious work.

### BANDITS USE BOMBS.

A MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL PASSENGER TRAIN HELD UP.

MILWAUKEE, November 12.—The midnight train from Chicago, on the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, was robbed near Western Union junction, at 1 o'clock this morning. The robbers are supposed to have boarded the train at the junction. As soon as it was well away from the station in the open prairie they stopped it and broke into the express car. It is probable the total amount of booty will reach $100,000, and possibly more, as the train which was held up was the one which generally carried all the money received by Milwaukee banks in the morning.

Express officials in this city will not divulge the exact amount of plunder, as secured by the Western Union Junction train robbers, but parties in a position to know say it will not exceed $5,000 and may fall considerably short of that sum. The unopened safe contained the bulk of the treasure.

CHICAGO, November 12.—A report of the train robbery near Western Union junction has been received by General Manager Earling, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, which states that the safes have been recovered and that the robbers did not get any booty.

The report says that six men boarded the train, No. 2, at Western Union junction, sixty-two miles north of Chicago, at 11 p. m., and it is supposed the robbers reached the junction over the Northwestern road. They held up the engineer and fireman, and when the train reached Franksville, a small station of 200 or 300 inhabitants about three miles beyond the junction, they caused the engineer to stop it at the point of a revolver. They then demanded of the express messenger that he open the door of the car, which he refused to do. The condutlor came up by this time, and he was taken prisoner.

The robbers then broke in the window of the car and threw in some kind of an explosive which forced out the end of the car. They then went inside and covered the express messenger with a revolver and tried to make him open the safes. This he positive refused to do, and the safes were thrown out of the car. In the meantime the rear brakeman understanding the situation, rushed back to the junction and got help and an engineer. The engineer and a posse at once went to the scene, and the robbers fled. The train went on to Milwaukee and the fast train which leaves Chicago at 3 a. m. picked up the safe and carried them to Nilwaukee.

### NOT SIGNED YET.

WASHINGTON, November 11.—It is learned that the Behring sea treaty has not yet received the signatures of the representatives of the United States and Great Britain for although all the points to be submitted to arbitration have been agreed upon, the method of arbitration is still a matter of discussion. This must be arranged and included in the terms of the treaty. There are several methods of procedure in such cases, one of the most satisfactory to the interests, of the United States heretofore being that which was followed in the appointment of the Geneva arbitrators In that case the United States and Great Britain each chose one representative from other nations and these two selected three others, and five members composing the arbitration commission. While it has not been determined to follow this course in the Behring sea arbitration it is believed by persons in authority that this remaining point will be adjusted before the meeting of the senate and that the arbitrators will have defined the exact rights of the United States and Great Britain in Behring sea for the opening of the next sealing season.

Regarding the decision of the supreme court in the Sayward case, it can be stated that the administration is awaiting the outcome with equanimity. If the court denies the British contentions the result will be very gratifying, but if it should take the other course, and find the seizure of the vessel to have been illegal, the administration has the satisfaction of pointing to the fact that it is in no wise responsible for the seizure of the Sayward, which was made by order of its predecessor.

### Farmer's National Congress.

SEDELLA, Mo., November 12.—The delegates to farmers national congress at noon got together for the third day's session of their national congress. Resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted recommending state control of live stock exchanged, that no live stock agent can be excluded from such exchanges; recommending the passage of a national law requiring the stamping of artificial hog products; demanding the passage of the federal law prohibiting gambling in farm products; endorsing the principle of reciprocity and the work already accomplished by the world's fair directory.

The following resolutions previously reported upon adversely to the committee, were rejected by the congress: Demanding the free coinage of silver dollars of the value of 100 cents each; demanding government ownership of railroads and telegraphs; demanding national revenues to be derived from taxes from imports that comes in competition with home manufactures: demanding the federal prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors and demanding the cession of arid lands to the various states in which the arid lands are situated.

### GOING TO PIECES.

HURON, S. D., November 11.—The South Dakota Farmer's Alliance began its annual session here last night. It is the smallest gathering that has ever assembled at its annual session since it organized. Instead of several hundred being present, as on former occasions, not more than fifty are here. The small crowd is a source of great annoyance to the leaders. Political defeat and incessant clamor for office made by the leaders are said to have nearly wrecked the alliance in this state. The only thing to which interest attaches in the present gathering is the choice of officers.

H. L. Loucks, who has been president since the organization six years ago, is the choice of most of the delegates for re-election. Six months ago he became the editor of the Ruralist, the alliance official organ, and the objection to him is that he holds two of the best positions in the alliance. He prefers to lose the presidency rather than the editorship chair. But some insist upon his holding both positions, claiming he was the only man that could keep organization together.

### A FATAL ACCIDENT.

MIFFLINTOWN, November 17.—Shortly after 6 o'clock this morning Michael Weller, night watchman on sub-division 19, extending from Port Royal to the rock below this station, was struck by a stock train near the Port Royal tower, and so badly injured that he died before noon. He was aged 59 years and had been a track walker for over twenty-six years, and was one of the eldest and best known in the employ of the company. The stock train had stopped to allow an engine and cabin to cross over the switches at the tower, and had just got under way again when Weller came out of the tower and started up the track, walking right against the approaching train, the pilot of the locomotive striking him and injuring him internally. It is thought that the smoke from the wildcat engine prevented him seeing the approaching train. He was brought to the hospital here, but never regained consciousness dying as above stated. He leaves a wife and nine or ten children. He was a resident of Milford township.

### Arrested for a Murder of Years past.

WILKESBARRE, November 11.—On the 15th of October, 1885, William and John Kesler, two farmers, were murdered in their home at midnight and a large sum of money, all in gold, was stolen from them. The crime caused a great sensation but detectives were unable to locate the murderers until Sunday last, when, during a brawl in a disreputable house at Hazleton, a well known woman of the town accused two men of being implicated in the murder. This was overheard by some of the gang who gave the story to the Coal and Iron police. This afternoon Henry Haggins and Joseph Eveland, two desperate men, formerly residents of Wilkesbarree were arrested for the crime. They will be held to answer.

### Special Features of Frank Leslie's.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for November 21st is especially attractive. It has an extra colored frontispiece entitled "A Box Party at the Horse Show." With this number also commences its special department for children, conducted by Mrs. August Prescott. Among the illustrations are a double-page picture of sketches at the National Horse Show, a page illustrative of the St. Bartholomew's Parish House in New York, an attractive series of pictures of the game of foot-ball together with illustrations of the hotels and public halls of Minneapolis Lieutenant Totten commences his new series of articles on "The Coming Crisis" in this number.

### WEDDED TUESDAY EVENING.

Married, at Fifth Avenue Methodist Episcopal parsonage Altoona Tuesday evening, November 10, 1891, by Rev R. H. Colburn, Mr. T. F. Green and Miss Mary E. Wolfe, both of Altoona, Pa. Mr Green is a native of Centre county, a painter by trade, and an excellent young man. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zadok Wolfe, 906 Eighth avenue and an estimable lady. This well advised union give promise of future prosperity and joy and the happy couple start out together in life followed by the warmest congratulations of their many friends.

### THE SENATE ADJOURNS.

SENATOR GOBIN'S RESOLUTION DECLARING NO JURISDICTION PASSED.

HARRISBURG, November 11.—In the senate this morning General Gobin resumed his argument in favor of his amendment declaring that the senate has no jurisdiction in the Boyer case. He elaborated his views regarding the right of trial by jury, and called attention to the reckless distortion of authorities by the democrats to bolster up theri cause.

Mr. Rapsher followed against the resolution, and then Mr. Packer made one of the really able arguments for the Gobin resolution. He first took up the distribution of power in the legislative, judical and executive departments of the state government, and then made a strong argument to show that the business presented for the consideration of the senate was purely judicial and not executive business. He contended that the governor could not initiate these proceedings; the idtiative remained with the senate to address the governor.

The senator also rapped the attorney general pretty vigorously for his partisan "assistance" to the senate, and for his flowery references to the democratic leaders in New York. The speech was one of the question of jurisdiction.

Senator Brown thought there was no getting away from the constitution, and he suggested that, after the argument of the gentlemen on the minority side, Senator Ross and the others, there should be no doubt as to the senate's jurisdiction. He talked from the layman's standpoint and rattled around considerably before he finally collapsed.

Senator Logan, of Crawford, got off a speech in which he declared that the trial by jury plea simply furnished the distinguished gentleman from Lebanon a safely valve for his patriotic sentimentalitues. When he concluded some one solemnly said "Amen," and everybody laughed.

It was decided to extend the session until a vote was reached on the resolution and the discussion was continued at length.

The debate continued until 2.10 o'clock this afternoon, when the senate, by a vote of 28 years to 19 days, passed the Gobin resolution declaring no jurisdition—a strict party vote.

### THEY SAY.

That grass widows are not exempt from hay fever.

That a man with an elastic step should be able to walk a long stretch.

That there are too many improvements proposed in proportion to the one accomplished.

That if a man could gain the whole earth it would begin to shrink as soon as he got possession of it.

That the crow of the campaign rooster will soon be drowned by the gobble of the Thanksgiving turkey.

That it is much easier to sit by the fire and resolve to do good than it is to go out in the cold and do it.

That when doctors disagree and faith healers fight, the sick must depend on home concocted "yarb" teas.

That men frequently rave over women's hair, but they make the greater ado about it when it is found in the butter.

That the farmer is very lonesome now that the election is over and politicians have stopped patting him on the back.

That the man who "always knows when he is licked" usually gets licked oftener than any other man in the community.

That every time you go away from home to make purchases of household goods you impede the progress of your own town.

That Meadville has an oil well so large that its roaring keeps the people awake at night, and they are obliged to go out of town to sleep.

That if you have found some one who knows how to scratch your back just where it itches, you have come pretty near finding your affinity.

That philosophers tell us that from Adam down no man has yet understood a woman; but men are not yet tired of trying yet by any means.

### LIST OF PATENTS

Granted to Pennsylvania inventors this week. Reported by C A Snow & Co Opp U S Patent Office Washington, D C., Solicitors of American & Foreign Patents.

J V Thatcher & C D Wilson, Nicholson, Device for riveting. A B Smith, Pittsburg, Tamping-handle for shovels. C F Miller, Lancaster, Refrigerating apparatus. G W Peifer & R Johnston, Wilkes-Barre, Torpedo-places, J F Pfetch, Erie, Car brake; & cogged wheel. J H Pflieger, Jonnstown, Switch foot-guard. A M Jayne, Bradford Drain for dishes. E Kerr, Pittsburg, Furnace. J W Kline, Wilkes-Barre. C E Houghton, northumberland, Nail-machine. J E Emerson, & T Midgley, Beaver Falls, Wire mat. C Fleming, Sewickley, Door fastening. E S German & F Yeakel, Bally, Thill coupling & support. M A Gerber, Mahonoy Plane, Car signal. J E Giles, Hazleton, Electric lamp P Grabler, Pittsburg, Child's teething-bit. J W Culmer, New Brighton, Gas-burner. L Detar & L D Munshower, Shelocta. Screening machine. H Aiken, Pittsburg, Conveying & cooling metal plates. S F Blackshaw, Pittsburg, Adding machine. S L Bligh, Custard's Wrenchr

### ONE OF KENTUCKY'S VENDETTA.

WINCHESTER, KY., Nov. 16.—Wesley and William Whittaker, the members of the Eversole faction from Perry county, who have been sentenced to spend the remainder of their days in prison for murder have told correspondent about their different crimes during the bloody period which began in 1886. They stated that from the time of the first compromise between the warring factions in October. 1886, just after Jameson was killed, there was a constant effort on the part of Joe Eversole, who was the leader of that faction, and his adherents to waylay and assassinate Ben French; the leader of the other side.

Wesley Whittaker gave a full account of the famous battle that was fought for two days in Hazard during the week of Circuit Court November, 1887, and which was precipitated by a quarrel between him and Henry Davidson. Whittaker got drunk and raised a row with Davidson, and the shooting began. Davidson ran into the jailer's residence, where he was speedily joined by Bob Profit and Jess Fields, who escaped by jumping from the second story window of the Court House to escape being shot by John Eversole and Bud Guy, who had rushed into the Court House for that purpose. They were also fired upon while escaping from the house below the Court House. It was at this time Ed Cambell was killed by Joe Davidson as he was firing into the jailer's residence, and for which Davidson was tried here and acquitted last November. Early next morning Frank, Polly, Bud, Guy, Ance and Bill Bowling went into the Court house loft and began firing at some men on the grave yard hill near by. John McKnight, who with Whittaker and others had occupied the Eversole fort, ran to the door with his pistol in his hand and was shot and killed as he opened the door. Since then French has moved to this county, and is now in business here.

### "A COURSE DINNER."

With numerous illustrations showing a modern dinnertable beautifully decorated, a diagram of how to set it, and also each course separately, and describing in a charming and explicit way every detail of appointments and service and the thousand-and-one "little" things that are essential to the success of such an entertainment, is one of the attractions of the December number of Demorest's Family Magazine, which will be of interest to all women, and invaluable to inexperienced housekeepers. From the initial watercolor, "Ahead of Santa Claus," the humor of which all will appreciate, to the Pattern Order on the last page, there is not a single thing in this splendid number that would not be regretted were it omitted. The beautifully executed full-page engraving, "The Mother of Our Lord," is a gem that is especially timely, and a Christmas hymn followed by a profusely illustrated paper on "Holly, Mistletoe, and the Yule-Log," furnish in themselves a holiday menu that can hardly be surpassed. "Women as Smugglers," "The Conquest of Neptune" (which gives valuable and interesting information about divers and how they operate under water), and the second paper in the series "The Romances of Pre-Columbian Discoveries," are especially good, and all handsomely illustrated. Then there are splendid stories, and the suggestions about Christmas gifts will be of great assistance to those who never can decide what to make for a present. The numerous departments are, as usual, replete with seasonable ideas and over 200 illustrations enhance the attractions of the splendid reading matter. Taking it all in all, Demorest's Family Magazine gives the most generous return for the subscription price, $2 a year. It is published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York City.

### WORTH LOOKING AT.

"Turn to the press—its teeming sheets survey, big with the wonders of each passing day." Among these the eye will pause to look at an old familiar family need in new dress. It will charm the sight, comfort the weary, and bring cheer and hope to the pain-stricken. The columns of this paper are graced by its reappearance. It is welcome, for what it promises to do, it does with alacrity, and proves its promise by an ample show of performance. The right thing, in the right place, at the right time, experience has proved it to be. Upon this it has won public confidence and esteem, for while St. Jacobs Oil, the great remedy for pain, thus makes its annual rounds and renews its pledges of prompt and permanent cure, its continual success is the guaranty that what it says is true and what it does is sure. Its best recommendation is its true reputation, upon which all may depend for cure and comfort.

# A QUERE RACE.

[Continued.]

"We are in the doldrums," he answered, doggedly; "there can be no doubt about that; and I have always said as if the 'Santa Anna' was not cast away—and I don't think she was cast away—I have always said as she was somewhere in the doldrums, and I am sure I am right."

This was conclusive, and I could only say that I hoped we should sight the "Santa Anna" soon, and find her treasure aboard.

"Oh, we shall find the treasure, sure enough! What would be the use of sighting her if we didn't?"

CHAPTER XII.—BEFOGGED.

As may be supposed, life on the becalmed vessel was not particularly amusing. We had not much to talk about, and out of his own line old Tom was as iguorant as an infant. There were, fortunately, plenty of books on board—at least a hundred of them being fiction—and I spent much of my time in reading, and studying, as well as I could with the means at my disposal, the theory of navigation. Then I wrote up the log-book, or rather, made an entry in it every day, for there was very little to set down. Had I not done so I should have lost count of time, so like was one day to another. Now and then I went into the engine-room, and by getting up steam, starting and stopping the engine, I familiarized myself with its working. After awhile, I became a fairly expert engineer, and had our coal bunkers not been so nearly empty, I should have shipped the screw and steamed in the direction whither I thought lay the nearest land.

Bolsover pottered about the ship, mended sails, spliced ropes, washed the decks, smoked, and slept; yet he got very weary, and one day proposed that, by way of diversion, we should make war on the rats. I asked how he would do it, seeing that we had neither cats, traps, dogs, nor ferrets.

"I will make the beggars drown themselves," he said.

And then he disclosed his plan. Rats, he explained, cannot live without water, and this was the reason why there were so many of them about the water-tanks, where they slaked their thirst by licking up the drippings and droppings. But as there was so much less water drawn than formerly, there were fewer drippings, and the rats being for that reason extremely dry, water would make a splendid bait. All that was necessary would be to take buckets, put a few inches of water at the bottom—mixed with molasses to prevent them from jumping out—fix long strips of wood on the sides, so balanced that when the rats ran along them to get at the water they would fall into the buckets.

"Very well," I said; "try it. But in my opinion the less you have to do with the rats the better. If they have not got the fever—I wish they had—they can give it."

"Oh, I have no fear. I shall not take the fever. I never thought I should. Besides, that storm must have blown it all out of the ship."

So Tom arranged his buckets, put them down in the hold near the water-tanks, and awaited the result with great expectations.

An hour later he came up in great glee, bringing one of his buckets.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "And there's more in the others."

In the bottom of the bucket was a writhing mass of rats. The water had not been deep enough to drown all of them, and the survivors, entangled in the molasses, were fighting desperately over the bodies of their comrades.

"Poor wretches!" I said. "Put them out of their misery, Tom!"

"Poor wretches! Put them out of their misery! I would rather put them into a bit more. Isn't it them as did all the mischief? But here goes! I'll chuck them into the water and let the sharks catch 'em—if they can. They'll be well met."

And with that Tom went to the taffrail, and turned the bucket upside-down, whereupon all the rats, dead and alive—all save one, a fierce-looking, gray-whiskered veteran, which contrived to cling to the side—fell pell-mell into the sea.

"Get out, you big devil!" said the boatswain, seizing it by the tail.

But instead of getting out, the rat twisted round and fixed its long, sharp teeth into its captor's thumb. Tom dropped the bucket like a hot potato, and catching the creature by the neck, choked it off, and sent it spinning.

"By ——, it hurts!" he exclaimed, popping the wounded thumb into his mouth.

"You had better go and bathe it with hot water," I said. "Rat-bites are nasty things sometimes."

"I don't think it's worth while. I'll put a bit of pitch on it. It's the best plaster I know. I never thought a rat could bite so keen. That gray-whiskered beggar's teeth were like pins and needles."

The incident made the boatswain more inveterate against the rats than ever. He converted all the buckets in the ship into traps, and by sunset he had caught several dozens. He took care, however, before throwing them overboard, to see that they were properly drowned, and even then he handled the bucket in such a way as to prevent any possibility of a second bite.

But the rats, though they perished, had their revenge. The next morning Bolsover was very ill. The thumb was inflamed and exceedingly painful, and he had all the appearance of sickening for yellow fever. I was seriously alarmed, for, despite his craze about the "Santa Anna," old Tom was a thorough seaman and a very good fellow. You cannot be thrown much with a man (at any rate, I cannot) without getting to like him—unless he is absolutely repulsive—and I had got to like the boatswain. Besides, what would become of me if I should be left alone on board a big ship in mid-ocean, utterly ignorant of my whereabouts, only just able to steer, and hardly knowing one sail from another?

If it were possible to keep old Tom alive, I meant to do it, although, judging by my recent experience, the odds against his recovery were hundreds to one. On the other hand, the very fact that he had remained so long invulnerable showed that he possessed great resisting power, and rendered it probable that he would make a tougher fight for his life than the others had done.

The first thing was to get my patient to keep his bed, which for a time he obstinately refused to do. To confess that he was ill would not only have touched his pride and made his boastings look rather ridiculous, but would have gone far to falsify his predictions. So he pretended that his illness was a mere passing indisposition—"a bit of a headache"—made light of his swollen thumb, and insisted on getting up and helping to prepare breakfast.

But the strongest will cannot long bear up under severe local pain and the all-pervading agonies of fever, and it was not long before Bolsover confessed himself beaten, and took to his bed.

"I never thought I should be ill," he murmured, "but it won't be much. I shall be well in a day or two, I know I shall. You were right, Mr. Erle; I shouldn't have meddled with them rats—hang 'em! I don't care how soon we get out of this ship. There's a curse on her; that's what it is. There's a curse on her."

Tom must have been very bad to own himself in the wrong. It was an evil sign, and made no feminal despair of his recovery.

"I had lately read a account there, in some instances a third time the medical books in the captain's cabin, and the knowledge thus acquired, and my own observation, had given me certain ideas as to treatment of yellow fever, which I now proceeded to put into practice. Medicine having produced no effect in previous cases, I determined to try something else.

One of the most characteristic symptoms of the malady is intense heat, the patient's temperature being often as high as one hundred and seven degrees. I presumed, though I did not know for certain, that this was owing to an arrest of perspiration. The main point, therefore, was to make my patient sweat; so I rolled him in a wet sheet, then put a pile of blankets on the top of him, and made him drink about a gallon of hot water. I kept him in the pack for hours, and when I unpacked him, washed him all over with salt water. This operation I repeated several times in succession, and always when the fever got worse and his skin became hot and dry. I do not presume to say that I cured Bolsover, for the illness ran its course; but, at any rate, he recovered, and that is what none of the others did. The fever may, however, have been of a milder type than theirs, and it is of course quite possible that he would have got better in any case, and did actually get better, not because of, but in spite of, my treatment. But my patient thought otherwise. He quite believed I had cured him, said that he owed me his life, and, in the fullness of his heart, protested that, whether I helped him to find the "Santa Anna" or not, he should give me half her cargo of gold and silver.

"Thank you, Tom," I said, laughing. "I'll take it, with all my heart; and it will be the biggest fee ever paid to a quack doctor since the world began, and that is saying a great deal."

"There is nothing to laugh at," answered the boatswain, who could never bear being chaffed about his craze. "There is nothing to laugh at, and I'll make a man of you yet, Mr. Erle, never fear! You will be the richest man in Liverpool one of these days."

But Tom did not get better either very soon or very easily. He lay in his hammock three weeks, and rose from it a yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed ghost, hardly able to put one leg before the other.

"I shall not be of much use when the change comes," he said, as I supported him to a Southampton chair, under an awning we had rigged up a short time before he fell ill.

"What change?"

"Change of weather, to be sure. And it is bound to come soon. How long have we been here?"

"We have been becalmed five weeks; but as to how long we have been here I would not venture to offer an opinion. I am not sure whether we are here!"

"You are getting beyond me now, Mr. Erle. Not sure whether we are here! Where else should we be?"

"I mean that we are moving. At any rate, I think so. I happened this morning to throw a cork overboard at the stern, and now it is at the bows."

"There must be a current, then."

"It looks so; and if the cork, moves so must the ship, though not so fast."

"You may soon find out whether she moves. Make a trial with the log."

"A happy thought! It never occurred to me. I will do it at once."

And I did. The "Diana" was progressing through the water at the rate of a knot an hour.

"If we have been going at this speed all along for the last five weeks," I said, making a rapid mental calculation, "we have done eight hundred and forty miles."

"I don't think we have been going at this speed all along. When I fell ill it was as dead a calm as it could be, and as hot as blazes. And now it is cooler—I am sure it is cooler. Don't you think so?"

"I know it is. I look at the thermometer every day, and the average temperature is from seven to ten degrees lower than it was a fortnight since."

"If we had been doing a knot an hour these last three weeks, how much would that make?"

"Five hundred and four miles."

"Which means that much further south. Well, I shouldn't wonder. Have you looked at the chart lately?"

"I have pored over it till my head aches; and the more I look the more puzzled I become. I never in my life felt so ignorant and helpless. How I wish I had got poor Captain Peyton to give me a few lessons in navigation."

"I wish you had, Mr. Erle. It almost seems as we shall have to keep on as we are till something turns up, doesn't it?"

"Like a couple of Micawbers."

"Eh?"

"I mean it vexes me to be so utterly helpless, and I weary of having nothing to do."

"Don't worrit yourself, sir. We shall get somewhere sometime, if you will only be quiet; and when the weather changes you will have quite enough to do. And there is a feel in the air and a look about the sun as tells me that the change won't be long in coming. That signal with our number seems to be stirring a bit, doesn't it?"

"Yes; I think it is fluttering just a little."

"There must be a light breeze aloft, then; and if we could only set our topsails, and main and mizzen top-gallant sails, we might get steering way on her, and make, may be, two or three knots an hour."

"Two or three knots! I wish we could make twenty knots and get somewhere," I exclaimed, passionately. "Storm, tempest, shipwreck, anything would be better than this intolerable calm."

"Hush! hush! Mr. Erle; don't you be a-tempting of Providence; we shall have a wind before long, you'll see. We don't want no storm, or tempests, or shipwrecks! Just a fair wind, and no more."

Weather-wise as old Tom undoubtedly was, his forecast—influenced probably by his wishes—remained a dead letter for a whole week. But as he repeated it every day, he proved himself a true prophet in the end. Contrary to my expectations—for I had read and heard that tropical calms are almost invariably succeeded by terrible storms—the change came gradually. First of all a breath of air, just sufficient to tauten the jibs and fill the foresail, without having any sensible effect on the progress of the ship; then a light wind, which gave us steering way, followed at a short interval by a spanking breeze that sent us along at the rate of four or five knots an hour, and made us wild to spread more canvas.

We carried this breeze with us several days, and with a lower temperature, bright sunshine, and a grand sea, we felt better and more hopeful than we had felt for a long time. Our voyage, we thought, must be coming to an end. We could surely not go much further without either sighting a sail or making land. But when our hopes were at the highest, the fine weather suddenly collapsed. Clouds gathered, the sun disappeared, and a fine rain fell, so thick and misty that we could not see more than a cable's length ahead. This went on for days; the wind changed, too, and not being able to tack, we were obliged to change with it, and almost reverse our course.

"This is worse than the calm," grumbled old Tom, "and if it goes on we shall either be ramming the ship ashore, or getting run down by a steamer."

It not only went on, but grew worse. The rain melted into a fog so dense that after sundown we were shrouded in a darkness so impenetrable that we could not see a hand's breadth before us, and had absolutely to grope our way about the ship. It was like solitary confinement in a black hole, with an extreme probability of sudden death. Our spirits sunk to zero, and my courage almost gave out. Even old Tom, confident as he had hitherto been, began to despair. To run aground or be dashed against some iron-bound shore in that pitchy darkness would be death in its most frightful shape. Yet the certainty of death was easier to bear than the suspense we were compelled to endure, and the consciousness that every moment might be our last. Bolsover, being still weak, could give me little help, and except when I took an hour's rest, once or twice in the twenty-four, I was always at the helm. But every man's strength has its limits, and after awhile I became so used up that I could stand it no longer.

"We can only die once," I said to Bolsover; "and whether we live or die, I must sleep."

So I lashed the wheel amidships and turned in.

When I awoke there was a glimmering light, but whether of gloaming or dawn I could not determine, for I had lost all count of time, knew not the day of the week, and had forgotten to wind up both my own watch and the late captain's chronometer.

I went on deck, and found the helm still lashed amidships; but Bolsover was nowhere to be seen, and I looked into his bunk, and armed with a lantern, visited all his accustomed haunts without result.

"God bless me!" I thought. "He surely cannot have fallen overboard! That would be too awful!"

I returned to the poop, seriously alarmed, and began to unlash the helm (not seeing what more I could do until there was more light), when I heard a hail from the mast-head.

"Is that you, Tom," I shouted. Rather a superfluous question, perhaps, for it could not well be anybody else. Yet it seemed hardly possible for a sick man to climb in the dark to the mast-head of a ship that was rolling like a log.

"Ay, ay, sir; it's me. I'll be down directly," was the answer.

Ten minutes later (by which time it was decidedly lighter) he came sliding down the shrouds.

"What were you thinking of, to go up to the mast-head in your present weak state?" I said, reproachfully. "Suppose you had fallen overboard?"

"And if I had. You know what you said before you turned in about two days since?"

"Two days since?"

"Nearly; though there's so little difference between day and night that I cannot be quite sure. You said a man can only die once. All the same I don't think there's much risk in going to the mast-head—I am stronger than I was when you went asleep—and fogs is queer sorts of things; it often happens as they lies just on the top of the water, and all above is clear and bright—leastways, so I've heard say. So I thought as I would just go up and find out, if I could, whether this here fog is of that there nature."

"Is it?"

"Partly. Anyhow, it is a good deal clearer up there than down here, and a score yards or so higher up I dare say it is broad daylight. All the same, I saw the sun rise; and, what's more, I made out something as looks very like land."

"Land! Land at last! Thank God!" I gasped, almost speechless with surprise and joy. "But are you sure you are not mistaken? Where away?"

"On the port bow. No, I don't think I am mistaken. It looks like a big mountain, fifteen or twenty miles off, may be. Give me a glass, and I'll go up again and have another squint."

"I'll go with you, Tom. Wait half a minute."

As I spoke I whipped into the captain's cabin and fetched two binoculars. I slung one round my neck and handed the other to the boatswain.

"Don't you think as you had better take the helm, sir, and keep her up to the wind? She rolls so much as it will hardly be possible to make anything out. Then, when I come down, which it won't be many minutes, I can take the helm and you can go up."

There was so much sense in this suggestion that I was fain to comply with it, notwithstanding my eagerness "to take a squint" on my own account—and it was well I did. As I went to the wheel, the boatswain began to climb up the shrouds, slowly and painfully, being still rather short-winded and weak-kneed.

I had just steadied the ship, and he had got as far as the upper main-topsail yard, when there came out of the fog a hail so startling and unexpected that it almost made me jump out of my skin.

"Starboard! Hard a starboard! For God's sake starboard your helm!"

As I whirled round the wheel the fog rolled back and revealed a scene like one of which I had never before beheld, or even imagined, and old Tom came down on the deck with a run.

CHAPTER XIII.—PAINTED OR PIEBALD?

Right before us rose sheer out of the water a tall white rock, at least fifty feet high. Another moment and we would have crashed against it, "stem on." We were saved only by Tom's sharpness of vision, by the promptitude with which I obeyed his order, and the sudden lifting of the fog.

But are we saved? There are rocks to the right of us, rocks to the left of us, some white, others red, yet all of great height, with splintered, fantastic pinnacles and broken battlements like the keeps of so many ruined castles; some as naked as an Alpine peak above the snow-line, others mantled with a luxuriant growth of greenery and pendant wild flowers, while the waves leap up their sides and troops of seabirds wheel round their summits. A veritable labyrinth of rocks; and as I look up after the first shock of surprise, I see inscribed on one of them, in old-fashioned and bold yet worn characters, these startling words.

"Here the 'Santa Anna'——
"1744."

There seems to be another word, but being covered with a spray of ivy, I cannot make it out. Whether Bolsover sees the inscription I do not know. He is at the bows, conning the ship, and I am steering; the passage between the line of rocks being so narrow, and the current or tide so strong that it requires most strenuous attention to avoid striking. More than once the yards scrape the brow of some beetling cliff, and only by Heaven's help and old Tom's skillful pilotage do we escape utter destruction.

At length the stress is over, and with an indescribable sense of thankfulness and relief we sail into open water. We can breathe freely. Danger and the dark sea are behind, hope and a harbor of refuge before us. We are in a wide, crescent-shaped bay, fringed with a shore of white sand, from which rises, in gentle slopes, a glorious mountain, on whose summit waves a cloud-banner, which at first sight I mistake for the smoke of a volcano.

Save for the white limestone crags with which it is crowned, the mountain is clad with verdure from top to bottom. Field alternates with forest; I can distinguish roads, too, and here and there is a quaint house of wood, not unlike the chalets that lend so great a charm to the valleys of Switzerland and the Tyrol.

All this, of course, through a binocular. We are still too far off to see much with the naked eye.

"Heaven only knows where we are," I said to Tom, who by this time had come aft. "But it seems a civilized sort of place. No danger of our being killed and eaten, I think."

"Not a bit. Cannibals don't build houses or make roads like them there. I wonder whether it's an island or a continent? Anyhow, it is well protected. That line of reefs stretches from one point of the bay to the other. It is a miracle how we got through. If the fog had not lifted just when it did—and it did not lift much—we should have gone to everlasting smash. We came out of it; that was it. Look there!"

It was true. Beyond the barrier of rocks the mist still rested on the sea, looking in the distance like a chain of billowy mountains.

"The tide—or may be it's a current—is running fast," said the boatswain, a few minutes later. "I wonder whether we are in soundings? I will heave the lead, and if we are, we must make ready to let go."

He had evidently not seen the inscription on the white rock; and it was quite as well. He would have been able to think of nothing else.

"By all means," I answered. "It would never do to run aground, and there is not much chance of getting a pilot, I fear."

Whereupon Tom took the lead, and went into the chains. When he came back he reported that the depth was nine fathoms, the bottom sandy, and the water rapidly shoaling. He thought that, to be on the safe side, we should let go at once, though we were still three or four miles from the nearest part of the coast.

To this I of course agreed, for in matters of seamanship I always deferred to Bolsover's opinion; and five minutes afterward the "Diana" was riding at anchor, her stern toward the land, her stem toward the rocks.

"How about going ashore?" I asked. "Can we lower a boat?"

"I think so; and if it comes to that, we must. But wait a bit; there's no hurry. May be some on 'em—natives or what not—will be coming off to us."

"All right. I'll run below, put on a clean shirt, and make myself presentable."

"As you like, sir. But as for me, I shall take no such trouble. I shall do well enough as I am. I don't suppose the people of this country are of much account—niggers or greasers, or summat o' that sort. They don't wear no clothes—not they; and they are sure to speak some confounded outlandish lingo that nobody understands but themselves."

Though we had survived the dangers of a most perilous voyage, escaped death as by a miracle, and brought the "Diana" to a safe anchorage, poor old Tom was evidently in an unhappy frame of mind. It was easy to guess the reason. We had seen nothing of the treasure-ship, nor any sign of her, and for several reasons I did not think the time had yet come to make mention of the writing on the rock.

When I returned to the deck, feeling all the better for a good wash and fresh rigout, Tom was peering hard through his glass.

"There's a boat putting off," he said; "a biggish boat with a lateen sail, and a crew of six or eight men—custom-house chaps, of course; for you may be cock-sure of one thing; if a country hasn't as much trade as would keep a colony of fleas, it is sure to have custom-houses—for, you see, if custom-houses isn't trade, they looks like it."

I took a glass and had a look on my own account. The boat was under way, and evidently making for the "Diana;" but owing to the lightness of the breeze and the flowing tide, the lateen sail did not seem to be of much use, and the crew were taking to their oars, which they appeared to handle with great dexterity. But I gave less heed to the boat and her management than to the people she carried. I burned with curiosity to know where we were and what kind of people we had fallen among; and I thought that I might possibly gather some idea of their characters, perhaps even of their nationality, from the personal appearance of the boat's occupants.

At any rate, they were clothed; so far, so good. Houses, roads, boats, garments—all these were unmistakable signs of civilization.

"Blacks, by ——!" sung out Tom, who, albeit older than I, had not dimmed his sight by bending over a desk.

"Nonsense! They are dark, perhaps; but certainly not black; and those two men in the stern are certainly white."

"It looks so; but we cannot surely have got to the West Indies, nor yet to the Brazils. And you are wrong; they are not white, and the others are not black."

"What on earth are they, then!"

"They are— By the Lord Harry! they are spotted—every man-jack o' 'em. Those chaps in the stern are white and red; and them as is rowing red and black."

And Tom dropped his glass and gave me a look so comically expressive of fear, bewilderment, and surprise, that I laughed outright.

"What can they be?" I asked; for though my vision was less keen than his, I could see that the people in the boat had very queer complexions.

"Cannibals—savages in their war-paint! Nothing else—And they'll eat us, too, if they get a chance. But I'm not going to be eaten if I can help it, Mr. Erle. We'll sell our lives dearly—we will that. There's arms in the captain's cabin. Let us load them at once. And those old carronades" (two brass pieces we had for firing signals), "we'll load them, too. I know where the cartridges are."

"But we have no ball."

"Never mind; we'll charge them with old nails and bits of iron."

"Very well; do so then. We may as well be prepared. But, for my part, I cannot say that I have any great fear of these painted people. At any rate, it is better to speak them fair before we show fight."

"Speak 'em fair! What's the use of speaking fair—or foul either, for that matter—to a lot of savage devils as can't understand a word you say? As soon as they get within shooting distance they'll let fly a harrow at your head—unless you are beforehand with 'em. I've been among such-like in the Pacific, and I know. However, you stop here and watch 'em, Mr. Erle, and I'll get the arms ready."

The boat came on apace, and the nearer she drew, the more puzzled I became. The rowers being naked to the waist, I naturally saw a good deal of them; but whether they were red men dabbled with black, or black fellows dabbed with red, I was unable to determine, and as yet I could see little or nothing of their faces. Of the two men in the stern, however, I had a very fair view. Their faces were queer, very queer. The elder of them seemed to have a reddish eye and a white one; and the left cheek of the other differed in color from the right. As the elder turned his head, moreover, I perceived that he sported a pigtail. Their coats, of some dark material, were large and roomy, and adorned with brass or gold buttons; their nether garments were white; and, to crown all, they wore cocked hats, such as I had seen nowhere but in old-fashioned pictures and on the stage.

The pigtail suggested China, but it was impossible that we could have drifted as far as the Flowery Land—and the Celestials don't wear white breeches and cocked hats. Then it struck me that these were wild people, after all, who had obtained their strange costumes from the plunder of a ship, or by way of trade; for I knew that savages like nothing so well as to array themselves in grotesque finery. But, lo! Those roads and houses! And the rowers boasted no finery whatever; and somehow, notwithstanding their painted faces, the two men in the stern had not the air of savages.

I gave it up, and awaited the denouement with eager curiosity.

CHAPTER XIV.—"ENGLISH, BY JINGO!"

In the meantime Bolsover had brought a couple of rifles and a supply of cartridges, and was now charging the carronades.

"What is the use of that?" I said. "They are mounted on wooden carriages; you cannot depress them."

"Well, then, they'll frighten the beggars, and may be make 'em sheer off. They kick up a devil of a row, these carronades. By ——! they are not above a thousand yards away. I think I could pick the first fellow off—him as is rowing stroke" taking up a rifle.

"Don't be a fool, Tom," I said, quietly. "It would be the height of folly to make any sort of hostile demonstration—to show fight, I mean—until and unless we are quite sure that these men mean mischief. For Heaven's sake, let us make friends of them if we can. If we make enemies of them we are done for. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, more ashore, and we might as well try to fly as to get the ship out of the bay."

"As you like, sir. I look on you as my superior officer, and Tom Bolsover always obeys orders. But keep your weather eye open, for as sure as any of them painted devils puts their feet on deck we are dead men."

I made no answer. All my attention was concentrated on the boat. When she came within hailing distance the man with the pigtail (who had been steering) gave the tiller to his companion and stood up. He was tall, and wore a sword—so far as I could see, the only weapon in the boat.

"Good!" I thought. "Their intentions *must* be peaceful."

The man with the pigtail put his hand to the mouth.

"What ship is that?" he asked, in a loud clear voice, and with faultless pronunciation."

"English, by Jingo!" muttered Bolsover. "Boy and man, I've been at sea two-and-thirty year, and so help me—"

"The 'Diana,' bound from Liverpool to Montevideo," I answered. "What country is this?"

"We call it the Fair Island."

"And the inhabitants?"

"We call ourselves English."

By this time the boat is under the counter.

"Will you come on board?" I said. "But wait a minute, and we will lower you a ladder."

"Thank you, we don't need a ladder," says the younger man; and clutching a rope which hangs over the ship's side, he hauls himself up, and vaults over the bulwark with the agility of a professional acrobat. His companion follows suit, although a little more leisurely, doubtless owing to his greater age and somewhat heavier build.

Then they draw themselves up to their full height, doff their cocked hats with a graceful sweep, and make a low bow.

I return the salute in my best style, but the contrast between the manner of their coming on board, and their dignified bearing, their cocked hats, pigtails, white breeches, and mottled faces, is so exceedingly droll that I can hardly keep my countenance, while old Tom, almost exploding with suppressed laughter, bolts incontinently down the fore-hatchway, where he can give free vent to his mirth without any breach of politeness.

What especially tickled him (it certainly tickled me) is probably the fact that our affable and agile guests are not merely painted; they are actually piebald. Their variegated hue is as much a part of themselves as their pigtails and their noses.

Judging by the way they stare at me (after recovering their perpendicular), I excite their curiosity as much as they excite mine—which is perhaps quite as well, for their inspection gives me time to compose my countenance and recover my presence of mind.

"Your most obedient servant," says the elder of my visitors, bowing again.

"Yours truly," I answered, bowing in return.

Then another pause.

"Welcome on board the 'Diana,' gentlemen," I add, for they look as if they expect me to say something more. "It affords me infinite pleasure to make your acquaintance."

(Not, perhaps, the very best thing to say in the circumstances, but the best I can think of on the spur of the moment.)

"Your pleasure, sir, cannot be greater than ours," returns the senior piebald. "Never before has anybody from the old home favored the Fair Island with a visit. Our people, sir, will give you a warm welcome. Might I make so bold as to inquire to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"My name is Sidney Erle."

"Mine is Waterlow Field. Allow me to introduce to you my friend and kinsman, Mr. Amyas Fane."

I bow again; so does Mr. Fane.

"I presume you are the captain?" asks Mr. Field.

"No; I am only a passenger."

"Ah, the captain is below, I suppose?"

"Very much so. He is dead, and his body lies at the bottom of the sea."

"Poor fellow! And the mate?"

"He also is dead. In fact, the boatswain and myself are the sole survivors of the 'Diana's' passengers and crew, all the rest are dead."

"God bless me! What did they die of?"

"Yellow fever."

"And you and the boatswain only are left! How terrible! That was the boatswain who went to the fore part of the ship just now, I suppose."

"Yes; Old Tom; and a right good fellow he is."

"I am glad to hear it. He seems also to be a merry fellow."

"Merry! Not particularly. Rather the reverse, in fact. Why do you think he is merry?"

"Because I hear him laughing."

"Hear him laughing! Impossible! Why, he is down in the fo'castle, and we are on the poop."

"Oh, yes; I hear him quite distinctly. Do not you, Amyas?"

"Distinctly. He is talking to himself, too. What is it he says?"—listening attentively. "'By the Lord Harry! Boy and man, I've been at sea two-and-thirty year—' Now he laughs again; what at, I wonder?"

There was no humbug about it. They really could hear a man talking in the forecastle—or perhaps they were clairvoyants!

"Your sense of hearing is much more acute than mine; I cannot hear a word," I said. And then, fearing that our visitors might hear something to their disadvantage, I blew a call on my whistle, as I generally did when I wanted Tom and he was out of ear-shot.

"You informed us just now that the 'Diana' was bound from Liverpool to Montevideo. How, then, may I ask, did you find your way hither?" asked Mr. Field.

"We did not find our way at all. The ship found it for us. We came by chance."

"And you actually made the passage of the Painted Rocks in safety! That was indeed an extraordinary chance. No seagoing ship ever did the like. But you shall tell us your story on another occasion. We are come, my dear sir, to ask you to accompany us to Fairhaven, the modest capital of the Fair Island, there to make the acquaintance of our people and be presented to our queen."

"You do me too much honor, gentlemen; I shall only be too delighted. You will go with me, of course, Tom?" (He had just come aft.)

"Where you goes, I go, Mr. Erle. I am ready. But, I say"—*sotto voce*—"did you ever? Boy and man, I've been at sea two-and-thirty year—"

This would not do at all. People who could hear a laugh as far off as the forecastle could hear a whisper six feet away; so, in order to avoid any cause of offense, I turned from Bolsover, and, asking our piebald friends if they smoked, offered each of them a cigar, which, after saying, they were extremely "obleeged" to me, they accepted.

"Have you a light, Tom?" I asked. "I am afraid I left my box below."

"Of course I have," answered the boatswain. And taking a match from his waistcoat pocket, he lifted up his leg and struck it on his trousers.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" exclaimed Mr. Field, turning pale and starting backward, while his companion made a still more rapid retreat, clapping his hand on the bulwark as if he were preparing to jump into the sea. "Magic! Mr. Bolsover must be a wizard. Does he always carry fire in—in—that particular part of his person?"

"Oh, dear, no!" I answered, laughing. "He only struck a match. A little splinter of wood, you see. The substance at the end is a mixture of phosphorus and some other chemical substances, which ignites when slightly rubbed. Do it again, Tom."

Tom did it again.

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the senior, examining a match. "A recent invention, I presume? The progress of enlightenment! Ah! ah! Would you kindly let me try?"

I said yes, of course, and sent Tom for more matches, as well as vestas and fusees, and showed how they were struck on the boxes; but both Mr. Field and his friend preferred the boatswain's method, and proceeded to practice it forthwith. They had, however, a slight difficulty to contend with in the extreme smoothness of their nether garments, which rendered necessary in the act of striking a rapid movement of the right hand. At the outset they failed somewhat ignominiously. The elder gentleman raised his leg rather too too high, and, striking at the same time, lost his balance, and falling against Mr. Fane (who had also his leg in the air), both rolled on the deck together, rather to the discomfiture of the senior; but the younger man laughed heartily, and they were up again before you could have said "Jack Robinson," springing to their feet without using their hands.

After this I gave each of them a box, which they accepted with unaffected delight. Then I produced a revolver, and fired several shots in rapid succession; but, though the weapon both surprised and delighted them, and they remarked how useful it would be in warfare, they were evidently less impressed with it than they had been by the striking of the match on old Tom's trousers.

"Have you any other arms on board?" asked Field—as I thought, rather anxiously.

WANTED—DO YOU WANT TO MAKE $50 dollars per week at home? Mrs Smith th sent six dollars to Alfred Coles for a Box Lounge and allowed him to send people who answer his advertisement to see her Lounge for which he gave a commission which averaged Fifty Dollars per week. If you will do the same in your district, send for terms to Alfred Coles, 446 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn N Y.

## JURORS IN COURT.

THE WHEEL ROLLS AROUND AND THEY CALL OUT GRAB.

REGULAR COURT—GRAND JURORS.

The regular term of court will begin on the 4th Monday.

Frank Barker, farmer, Haines twp.
E A Alison, farmer, Potter twp.
W F Hoover, farmer. Taylor twp.
John C Wagner, miller, Boggs twp.
J F Stere, laborer, Unionville.
Joseph Lee, farmer, Walker twp.
Emanuel Kerstetter, farmer, Penn twp.
A V Miller, farmer, Spring twp.
Thomas Donach, mechanic, Bellefonte.
George Rhoads, Laborer, Snow Shoe.
William Corl, laborer, Benner twp.
M G Gray, merchant, Philipsburg.
S H Pletcher, carpenter, Howard.
Ira C Leathers, farmer, Marion twp.
W C Vanvalin, dentist, Unionville.
Wm. Bradford, farmer, Potter twp.
Wm. F Smith, farmer, Penn ,,
Joseph Fullmer, farmer, Boggs. ,,
John Peters, laborer, Worth ,,
J H Wyle, carpenter, Haines ,,
D B Schenck, farmer, Howard ,,
John Bruss, farmer, Huston ,,
John T Stewart, merchant, Harris ,,
J M Claar, justice, Rush ,,

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK

Oscar Wetzel, bookkeeper, Spring twp
David Nevling, farmer, Snow Shoe.
G W Williams, carpenter, Harris twp,
W Lose, farmer, Haines ,,
A C Mingle merchant, Bellefonte.
Lewis Rearick, farmer Spring ,,
John Garberick, Jr. laborer, ,, ,,
Wm. Poorman, laborer, Snow Shoe.
George Rote, clerk, ,, ,,
Hiram Thompson, farmer, College ,,
N B Spangler, clerk, Bellefonte.
W L Steele, carpenter, ,,
J H Sands, gentleman, ,,
H F Twigg, farmer, Rush twp.
Joseph Alters, carpenter, Gregg twp.
David Welsh. farmer, Curtin ,,
W H Page, clerk, Bellefonte.
Nicholas Mann, laborer, Liberty twp.
Jason Underwood farmer. Union ,,
Wm. H Goss, farmer, Ferguson ,,
Henry Warfle, tanner, Philipsburg.
D S DeLong, teacher, Curtin twp.
Jacob Raub, farmer, Howard ,,
W M Biddle, agent, Philipsburg.
Wm. Working, laborer, Potter, twp·
E Confer, farmer, Boggs ,,
Jos. S Rumbarger, farmer, Half Moon.
W H Bailey, farmer. Ferguson twp.
Henry Schmidt, butcher, Philipsburg.
William Coble, laborer, College twp.
David Bechdel. farmer, Curtin ,,
Job W Packer, " " "
Wm Henderson, puddler, Howard twp.
G B Campell, farmer, Furguson "
J C Stover, farmer, Penn "
Andrew Whiteman, laborer, Rush "
George Behres, Jr., farmer, Potter "
Frank Deitz, farmer, Howard "
James Resides, farmer, Boggs "
Irvin G Lucas, laborer, Show Shoe.
Robert Hockenberry, farmer, Penn twp.
Edward Roan, laborer, Spring "
Charles Hess, laborer, Rush "
J W Mattern, gentleman, Philipsburg.
Jacob B Hasel, farmer, Miles twp.
R M Wolf, merchant, Haines "

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Chas. Frankenberger, farmer, Penn twp.
A C Witherite, farmer, Boggs "
Israel Young, gun smith, Harris "
Michael Schaeffer, farmer, Walker "
Michael Hess, farmer, Haines "
Charles Hinkleman, nailer, Spring "
William Fleming, laborer, " "
A H Smith, agent, Philipsburg.
Sanford White, laborer, Rush twp.
Wm. Etters, laborer, Burnside "
James D Gentzel, farmer, Gregg "
Lenn Lucas, laborer, Snow Shoe.
C G Cleveland, farmer, " "
Samuel Dunlap, carpenter, Ferguson twp.
Edward Foster, laborer, Bellefonte.
W H Fry, farmer, Ferguson twp.
J M Tompson, teacher, Rush "
Wm. Saylor, laborer. Spring "
Abraham Treaster, laborer, Haines twp.
Chas. Johnsonbaugh laborer, Spring "
H P Blair, carpenter, Philipsburg.
Jno. F Heckman, farmer, Gregg twp.
E C Elder, merchant, Milesburg.
J W Messinger, laborer, Potter twp.
John Hoffman, miner, Rush "
William Lutz, farmer, Benner "
Miles Dukeman, forgeman, Boggs "
Frank Geiswhite, blacksmith, Haines twp,
Henry C Campell, farmer, Ferguson ,
David P Weston, laborer, Rush twp.
Thomas Mayers, laborer, " "
Samuel Johnson, farmer, " "
Jesse Cleaver, surveyor, Unionville.
David Hoover, laborer, Spring twp.
Mitchael Bechdel, farmer, Liberty twp.
Benner W Way, farmer, Benner "

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

### WHAT WAS IT, JOHN,

That made your face so free and clear from pimples? said his sweetheart. Why don't you know, Eva? For over a year I took everything I could thing of without helping me. then I bought two bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and now I haven't one pimple on my face. It is the best blood cleanser I ever saw.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**


CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES: A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.

Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .60
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00

Sold by Druggists; or sent prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE OF PROF. HARRIS' PASTILLES FOR THE CURE OF WEAK MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

(VITALLY WEAK). Made so by too close application to business or study; severe mental strain or grief; SEXUAL EXCESSES in middle life, or vicious habits contracted in youth. WEAK MEN ARE VICTIMS TO NERVOUS DEBILITY or EXHAUSTION, WASTING WEAKNESS, INVOLUNTARY LOSSES with EARLY DECAY in YOUNG and MIDDLE AGED; lack of vim, vigor, and strength, with sexual organs impaired and weakened prematurely in approaching old age. WHEN WE SAY CURE we speak from knowledge of PERMANENT RESULTS in many thousand cases treated and cured in past twelve years.

Free TRIAL As evidence of our faith in Prof. Harris' SOLUBLE MEDICATED PASTILLES, we offer eight days trial ABSOLUTELY FREE. All men, young or old, suffering from this prevalent trouble should send their address as we can furnish questions to be answered, that we may know the true condition of each case and prepare medicine to effect a prompt cure. Located in New York (after 12 years at St. Louis), we offer all a chance to be cured by the celebrated Pastille Treatment.

THE HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mfg. Chemists, 99 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND

This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Pres. A. J. Tower, Boston.

DR. THEEL

538 North Fourth St., below Green, PHILADELPHIA.

Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing.

SPECIAL DISEASES, of both sexes, by an entirely new discovery. BLOOD POISON discharges etc., obstinate hard or soft ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, pimples, swellings, inflammations, Bladder, Kidney, Heart, lung, liver, stomach, mouth, throat, nose, early decay, debility, loss of mental and physical strength, melancholy, pains from excesses or youthful errors. Cure is positive and lasting relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days, no experiment but skill and science. Do not be humbugged by deceiving advertisements but call or write and be saved. $15,000 will be paid to any advertising Doctor or Quacks who can show as many hopeless cases cured as I can. Send 2 cents stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials, exposing quacks and advice to all sufferers and those contemplating marriage. OFFICE HOURS—Every Day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., Evenings 6—9, Wednesday & Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9—12. Strictly confidential.

For Extraordinary see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

PRICE 50 CTS.

IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.

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Snug little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Ross, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.

H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine


## IT GAVE THEM SOME TROUBLE.

On Wednesday the *Owl* published an article in reference to an inquisition that was held on Tuesday that gave the brilliant (?) staff of that paper no little trouble to fix up and has hung a threatened libel suit over their heads. According to the construction of one of the attorneys interested the article was a misconception and misstatement of facts from beginning to end and placed a reputable citizen in a very unfavorable light before the general public. Of course the attorney whose client was slandered demanded satisfaction and his demand was so forcible that it almost upset the entire staff.

One of the reporters thought he could fix it up by interviewing the angry attorney and so bearded the lion in his den, but the only audience or satisfaction he got for his pains was to be taken by the arm and led outside of the office and a little advice about him daring to come in again. The affair is now pending awaiting a full retraction of the first article, which the lawyer demands and the editors have promised to make. Surely the *Owl* is a paper that should preach to others uprightness and truth.

### To Our Subscribers.

The Special Announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." a 6—11t.

## A WATCH THEFT.

Evidently all the thieves in this world do not live in Bellefonte as the following dispatch of a robbery committed in Blair county a day or so ago will show: There was stolen at Grazierville, a number of miles beyond Tyrone two gold watches, one marked with the initials "G. G. G." on the inside, and the othes one with "H. L. to M. N. F." one silver watch, one six-shot, self-acting revolver and from $75 to $80 in money. The thief was a German and answers to the following description.

Six feet tall, 20 years old, teeth wide apart, black hair, brown eyes and about two weeks growth of beard. A reward of $50 will be paid for his arrest and conviction.

Signed, WILLIAM SNYDER,
Chief of Police, Tyrone.

## THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, to which climatic changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicity to be relied upon in time of need.

## THE CHANGED SCHEDULE.

As has already been stated in these columns there will be a change of schedule go into effect on the Pennsylvania railroad on next Monday morning, November 16th and the same will effect several trains on the Bald Eagle. The train west in the morning that now arrives in Bellefonte at 4.55 will then arrive at 5.35. Mail east will arrive at 9.17 instead of 9.45 as heretofore, and the train due in the evening at 8.49 will be five minutes later, coming in at 8.54. All travelers would do well to note these changes or they may either have a big wait or else get left.

## LA GRIPPE AGAIN.

During the epidemic of La Grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it confirm this statement. They were not only quickly relieved, but the disease left no bad after results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe, or any Throat, Chest or Lung Trouble.
Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish. Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00

## TOTAL OFFICIAL VOTE.

Totals in all counties; Gregg. R. 414,-583; Wright, D, 356,431; Hague, P., 18,-510; Morrison, R., 412,894: Tilden, D., 358,617; Drayton, P., 18,429. The vote for the constitutional convention is 173,-813; against, 420,598.

As the vote for Hague, the Prohibition nominee for Auditor General, is less than three per cent of the total vote cast the Prohibitionists will not be able to have the names of their nominee printed on the tickets issued by the State under the Baker Ballot law unless they secure 3,900 signatures to a petition asking for the privilege.

## RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by F Potts Green Druggist Bellefonte.

## AN AMUSING NOVELTY.

A peanut party is a novelty. If written invitations are issued have two peanut shells painted in water colors on one corner of the paper. The hostess provides herself with a quantity of peanuts and conceals them in every imaginable spot in the rooms in which she is to entertain her guests—behind the pictures, under the mats, among the flowers, everywhere there are peanuts. After the guests have arrived, a small bag is handed to each one and the company is told that whoever first fills his or her bag with peanuts wins the prize of the evening. Then begins the merry hunting—here there and everywhere—for peanuts. A pretty way is to have the bags made of silk, with a ribbon or cord and tassed at the top and a fanciful design of peanuts on one side they are then preserved as dainty souvenirs.


"How to Cure All Skin Diseases"

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruption on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by any other remedy.
Ask your druggist for Swayna's Ointment. s 24-1y


## THE BEECH CREEK ROAD.

The Beech Creek Railroad, in connection with the Reading and Jersey Central Railroads, gives the shortest line to New York City and intermediate points.

With the schedule now in effect close connections are made with through trains from Williamsport Ask Beech Creek R. R. agents for new time cards.

It should be remembered that mileage books are issued on more liberal terms than by any other road in this part of the state.


CATARRH IN NEW ENGLAND.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results. W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.


## THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING.

HARRISBURG, November 12.—Before adjournment this afternoon the World's Fair Committee decided to leave the selection of the design for the Pennsylvania building at Chicago to the Executive Committee which will report at the next meeting. Twenty seven plans have been submitted by different architects. The Executive Committee held a meeting and appointed a sub-committe to confer with an expert and examine the plans and specifications submitted in detail.


BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is entirely new, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, ME.

$20 Favorite Singer Sewing Machine. HIGH ARM $25.00.

Each Machine has a drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, with nickel rings, and a full set of Attachments, equal to any Singer Machine sold from $40 to $60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct of the Manufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warrantee for five years. Send for testimonials to Co-operative Sewing Machine Co., 269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE PAY FREIGHT.


## THE PITTSBURG WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HOME PAPER PUBLISHED

### SPECIAL PREMIUM LIST FOR 1891.

A Gentleman's gold watch and the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph one year for - $15.00

A Lady's gold watch and the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph one year for — — $14.75

The Chronicle Telegraph Improved high arm sewing machine and the paper one year for $22.00

In addition to the above there are a variety of other desirable premiums, including an Open Face Gentleman's Gold Watch, which is offered to subscribers with the paper one year for $13.

The gentleman's $15 gold watch, and the ladies' $14.50, have beautiful hunting cases, warranted to wear 15 years, and are filled with the reliable Hampden movement. They cannot be bought at retail for less than from $25 to $35, but are furnished to our subscribers at the manufacturers' prices.

The sewing machines is our premium high-arm machine, and equals any $50 one before the public

SPECIAL PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

Any of the above will be given free for persons securing us a club of yearly subscribers terms of which will be furnished on application.

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

In addition to its special features for the Ladies Home, Farm and Garden, etc, contains the LATEST NEWS OF THE WORLD

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DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Snug little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Ross, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.

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TOBACCO

This standard brand of plug tobacco is acknowledged to be the best chew and the largest piece for the money in the market. *Vinco tin tag on each lump.* Its extensive sale for many years has established its reputation. There is nothing better. Try it. For sale by dealers and grocers.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, CONN., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
SIRS:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 12, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the joint.
Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 8, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWLEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and develop WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON D. C.

We Can't do it

but are willing to pay for learning how to make as good an article as WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING of cheap material so that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c.

Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to give them the best for the least money, we will pay

$10,000.00 Reward

For above information; this offer is open until January 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. *New wood* painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS will find it profitable to investigate. All paint stores sell it.

E. W. SMITH & CO.,
MAP PUBLISHERS
—AND—
MANUFACTURERS,

Do all kinds of Map Work and keep on hand a full supply of Maps, Atlases, Drawing Paper, Map Cases, Spring Map Rollers, etc., etc.

Maps and plans engraved, printed, colored, and mounted.

WANTED—Every Bookkeeper, Business Man and Beginner to know that the Key to, and Exposition of Bookkeeping teaches at sight and aids bookkeepers and experts; post-paid to any address on receipt of one dollar.

No. 17 and 19 S. Sixth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

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To Recover from the Grip USE SPEER'S GRAPE WINES,

—ALSO—

UNFERMENTED GRAHE JUICE

Used in the principal Churches for Communion
Excellent for females weakly persons and the aged

Speer's Port Grape Wine!
FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards, and left hanging until they shrink and become partly raisined before gathering. Its invaluable

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wines. Being produced under Mr. Speer's personal supervision, it purity and genuineness are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child and the weakest invalids use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex.

It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice.
Speer's Socialite Claret

It is held in high estimation for its richness as Dry Table Wine, especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy

IS A PURE distillation of the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medical purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, simular to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of "ALFRED SPEER Passaic, N. J.," is over the cork of each bottle.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS WHO KEEP FIRST CLASS WINES.

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COLUMBIA HOUSE,
111 & 113 N. Broad St., abv. Arch,
PHILADELPHIA PA.

Terms: - - $2.00 Per Day.

BENJ. VANDEVER, Proprietor.
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Most centrally located Hotel in Philadelphia. Remodeled and refurnished; fitted up with all the modern improvements. Only five minutes walk from Broad street station and but a square from the public buildings.

No better accommodations in the city than at the "Columbia." f12

## THE CHIBCHAS.

**Little-Known Contemporaries of the Aztecs and Incas.**

The rich regions of the Aztecs were discovered in 1519, and the conqueror of Montezuma was already returning to Spain when Pizarro set sail for Peru. In 1532 the empire of the Incas was entirely overthrown; while in 1536 there still existed, unknown to the world, upon the high tablelands of the eastern cordillera of the Andes an agricultural people composed of more than a million souls, possessing populous cities, fortified places and paved roads; an established priesthood with temples, altars and sacrifices; an organized, hereditary government and a standing army; an approximate computation of time; and various industries, and no little intelligence in husbandry. Over this growing civilization of the Chibchas the conquest swept like a hurricane, devastating villages, archives, manufactures and cultivated fields—dispersing the bones and annihilating the traditions of the miserable Indians. In the course of a few years they were deprived of their independence, their chiefs, their liberty, and even of their language; at the hands of the most cruel, blind, and persistent persecution; their very name was stricken from the catalogue of existing nations, their descendants were condemned to complete oblivion of their origin, while the antiquarian was left in the doubt and confusion of fabulous ages with respect to events which immediately preceded this epoch. The hurriedly written narratives of the conquerors speak of the grandeur of the "Valley of Castles"—Bogota, so called because of the high edifices of its cities; of the extensive salt mines of Zipaquira; of the potteries of Tinjaca, and especially of the great riches, the golden decorations, and the upright mummies covered with fine mantles, that were inclosed in the temple of Suamoz, the principal sanctuary of the Chibchas. Nor were these descriptions exaggerated. In our day there have been found in ancient sepulchers the most delicate cotton fabrics, well-preserved mummies, elaborately carved wooden articles of furniture, exquisite vases of baked earth, often imitating the human form and the figures of animals, and an infinite variety of golden ornaments and images. Beyond doubt the Chibchas had attained the third place in the civilization of aboriginal America; yet volumes have been written upon the Aztecs and Incas, while the name of this enlightened contemporary is almost unknown. They are said to have been denominated Chibchas because of the frequent recurrence of the syllables "chi" and "cha" in their tongue, but Humboldt calls them Muiscas or Moscas. According to the distinguished historian Acosta (whose excellent work has been freely consulted and often translated in the preparation of this paper), the term muisca merely signified "people" in their language, and mosca (Castilian for "fly") was probably a corruption of the former, or may have been applied to these Indians because of the great number that appeared before, and endeavored to stay the progress of the handful of Spaniards led by Quesada. As successful as Cortez or Pizarro, unlike them, this famous captain was never rewarded with the coveted marquisate of Spain, and has lacked the master hand of Prescott to portray the thrilling incidents of his no less remarkable conquest.—Lieut. Lemly, in Century.

## WITH BANANA SKINS.

**Thrown on a Stoop by an Enemy, the Peel Proves a Powerful Weapon.**

She walking rapidly up the little walk leading to the front steps of a house on Ferry street. It was her walk and her house, and she had a right to walk any way she chose. That disgusting Brown family next door might better mind their own business and stop watching her. So she was saying to herself, when—flop! thump!—her feet went from under her and she found herself sitting uncomfortably hard upon that same walk which a moment before she had been treading so proudly. Slowly she picked herself up, and ruefully she looked at the banana peel which had caused her downfall. A half-suppressed titter came from the window of the house next door.

"So that's their trick, is it?" she muttered, scornfully, tossing her head toward her enemies. "Well, it's a game two can play at."

The next morning the old man Brown got up rather early and started to walk down-town. He had barely reached his front steps when he struck something. It carried him off his feet like a cyclone. He went bumpety bump down the steps. At the bottom he struck something else. It carried him along a few feet farther and then shot him into a barbed-wire fence, which had been mysteriously strung across the path during the night.

The fence stopped him. But what a sight he was! His clothes were torn and covered with mud and ashes. The mud and ashes had also mysteriously got on the path during the night. His flesh was lacerated and bruised and his little finger was broken in two places.

He picked himself up and crawled back into the house and up to the room of his youngest son.

"Ben," he said, "was it you put that banana peel on the Widder Smith's walk yesterday?"

"Yep."

"Well, you young rascal, take that for it, and that!" and he began administering kicks on the person of his son till the youngster howled with pain.

Then as he crawled off in search of the arnica bottle he murmured: "I don't blame the widder a bit. It was a mean trick, but it was a blamed sight meaner of her to take revenge on me, when I'm the only one in our family that stood up for her."—Buffalo Express.

**Java's Fame.**

Teacher—What is the island of Java noted for?

Bright Boy (son of a grocer)—It's noted for th' coffee that used to come from there.—Good News.

Help at Hand!

**DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.**

*(Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.)*

**BEST OF ALL MEDICINES.**

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the great saver of life and health. It removes all nervous irritability and perfectly and completely cures

**Nervousness and Nervous Exhaustion.**

Why do you suffer from such an exhausted, prostrated and dragged-out feeling when Dr. Greene's Nervura surely cures all

**Weak and Tired Feelings.**

Thousands suffer from wakeful nights and rise mornings unrefreshed. Dr. Greene's Nervura gives natural refreshing sleep—the perfect cure for

**Sleepless Nights and Tired Waking.**

People with unstrung nerves have strange, faint and nervous sensations, numbness, trembling, palpitation. Dr. Greene's Nervura is the only remedy for

**Heart Failure and Palpitation.**

For sale by Druggists. Price $1.00. Be sure and see that the bottle is sealed with the trade-mark seal "Nervura."

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the best blood invigorator, and it immediately overcomes the weakness, languor and lack of energy, due to

**Poor Blood, Debility and Low Vitality.**

Dr. Greene's Nervura is acknowledged everywhere as the greatest of all Nerve Remedies, and is absolutely sure to strengthen

**Weak and Shattered Nerves.**

Dyspepsia, distress, fulness, faint, "all gone" feeling, gas, liver disease, constipation, are perfectly cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura, as are also

**Headache and Dizziness.**

People often lose their appetite, the liver is inactive, the bowels constipated. Dr. Greene's Nervura is exactly the remedy for

**Poor Appetite and Constipation.**

Dr. Greene, the well-known specialist in the cure of chronic diseases, 35 West 14th St., New York, can be consulted free, personally, or by letter. SEND FOR SYMPTOM BLANK.



NO HABITATION.

There can be no habitation in the blood or body for poisonous microbes when Swift's Specific enters the system. It changes the character of the blood so that the germs must either perish or get out, and of course they leave. S. S. S. also forces out the poison which the microbes have left behind. If there is a sore or ulcer the poison comes out through that, otherwise through the skin.

"Having suffered much from contagious blood poison, after using half a dozen bottles of Swift's Specific, I was restored to perfect health, and all eruptive sores disappeared. You are at liberty to make any use of my statement that you wish—J. Crosby Byron, 208 Third Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.


BOY AND DIAMONDS GONE.

Kansas City, Nov. 16.—Oscar Twitchell, a merchant of Philadelphia, arrived at the Union depot Friday night with his nephew, Oscar M. Preston, aged 17 years, whom he had brought from Americus, Kan. intending to take him to Philadelphia. They were directed to the Missouri Pacific train. After putting his nephew aboard and telling him to look after the valises he carried, Mr. Twitchell went to a drugstore across the street. Upon returning a few minutes later he found the train had gone.

He telegraphed the conductor at Pleasant Hill, Mo., who replied that there was no such person on the train described as Mr. Twitchell's nehew. He followed on a later train as far as Pleasant Hill, but returned this morning and reported having heard nothing of the missing young man. Mr. Twitchell made complaint to the police and depot officials to-day, to whom he reported the valise as containing valuable property in the shape of diamonds. He says he believes his nephew has met with foul play and the valise has been stolen.


**Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.**

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee, or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will affect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never Fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address

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Brighten up; you don't have to plank down a fortune; you can get Salvation Oil for 25 cents.



Gilded five cent pieces are going for five dollar gold pieces, but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup needs no gilding to make it go. Price only 25 cents.


THE REVOLT SUCCESSFUL.

Buenos Ayers, Nov. 16.—News received here from Brazil during the night is of a still more alarming character.

It indicates the rapid spread of revolution all through the state of Rio Grande Do Sul.

Governor Castillo, who resigned his office Saturday, left the government of the state in charge of the provisional junta, Dr. Assiz Brazil, General Ossorio and Barros Cassul.

From all accounts the revolution appears to be successful. The garrison at Itagui, on the Truguay river, surrendered without a battle. Porto Alegre, the capital of the state, is also in the hands of the revolutionists.

In the interior of Rio Grande Do Sul all the telegraph lines have been destroyed, so that authentic details of what going on are difficult to obtain. It is believed here that several northern provinces will join the movement against the dictator.

The fleet that Fonseca was said to have sent to Rio Grande Do Sul has not yet arrived at any of its ports.

KOCH'S DISCOVERY.

The tubercle bacilli was discovered by Prof. Koch, to be constantly present in all cases of consumption. Where the blood is impoverished or impure, there results that constitutional condition known as scrofula, which is characterized by the liability of certain tissues to become the seat of chronic inflammations and enlargements. Virchow says "their vulnerability is excessive." Consequently, exciting causes which would have only passing effect upon a healthy subject, would produce inflammation and disease in the scrofulous.

These troubles may start as catarrh in the nasal passages, throat or lungs, and as the membranes become weakened, the tubercle bacilli enter, and multiply, and we have, as a result, that dread disease—Consumption.

Find a perfect remedy for scrofula, in all its forms—something that purifies the blood, as well as claims to. That, if it's taken in time, will cure Consumption. It has been found, in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a strength-restorer blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder, nothing like it is known to medical science. For Scrofula, Throat, and Lung affections, Weak Lungs, severe Coughs, and kindred ailments, it's the only remedy so sure that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, your money is refunded.

—Tuesday morning at six o'clock the thermometer registered about sixty degrees above zero and rain was falling. It soon commenced to grow colder and so continued until this morning when the mercury registured just nineteen degrees above zero at seven o'clock. The ground has been frozen solid and all we yet need is a good bed of snow to make one feel that winter is here.


After diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia, or any othe severe illness, there is no better tonic than Hood's Sarsaparilla


## MISCELLANEOUS.

—"Well, what do you want?" asked the aeronaut of his assistant, who had begun to whimper. "I want the earth!" wailed the young man.

—First youth (at railway depot)—"Traveled far?" Second youth—"Not yet, but I expect to before I stop. I am going west to seek my fortune." First youth—"I just got back. Lend me a dime, will you?"—Kansas City Journal.

—In sinking plumb lines down shafts the accuracy of the work is often seriously impaired by spiders attaching their webs to the lines and drawing them toward the wall, often with sufficient tension to introduce material errors in the position of the plumb bobs.

—The wounds made by the new small caliber army rifles close quickly and heal readily, showing wonderfully little destruction of the soft tissues. The next improvement will probably result, it is said, in the bullets being cased in hard metal so as to prevent spreading and laceration.

—There must be myriads of fish living in the depths or the sea whose form and characteristics we can never even guess at, for should specimens be successfully hooked they would burst into pieces before they could be brought to the surface, being relieved of the extraordinary pressure upon which they exist.

—St. Charles, Mo., is in a worse position than any of the towns in Massachusetts. It has two willing and waiting young women to every marriageable man in its population, and when a bashful young fellow wants to go out for an evening's walk he has generally to carry his grandmother along to see that he isn't eloped with.

—"Can you manage a typewriter?" asked one married lady of another. "Can I manage a typewriter? I should my so. I made three leave my husband's office within the last two months, and the last is so homely that John is almost afraid of her. The management of a typewriter is an art, but I've got it down fine."—Demorest's Magazine.

—A Brunswick, Ga., newspaper makes this effective and pathetic editorial arraignment and appeal, which would seem to be worth several columns of particularized condemnation: "Ladies and gentlemen, as you pass down Newcastle street will you please look at the court house! Is that such a building as Glyn county ought to have in Brunswick?"

—Why?—Sweet Girl—"Oh! papa, why are there so many poor people and we are so rich?" Rich Father—"My child, it is nature; nature is full of such inequalities! Everything is unequally distributed!—my dear—for instance—in the sea there are millions of dollars worth of salt, and not a single cent's worth of pepper—Why?"—Demorest's Magazine.

—The accomplishments and acquirements of Hieronymus Lorm, Germany's blind poet, are remarkable when it is known that ever since the age of fifteen he has been bereft of the senses of sight and hearing. He was born in Austria, but when a young man was driven from Vienna on account of his political writings. Going to Berlin he made himself widely known and influential.

—A farmer near Columbus, Ga., has two turkey hens and one gobbler. The hens made nests about seventy-five yards apart in a melon patch and went to setting. The gobbler got lonesome and concluded that the proper thing for him to do was to set also. He got an equal distance between the two turkey hens, squatted over a guinea watermelon and set six weeks before he was discovered.

—President F. R. Webster of the Marin county (Cal.) Country club has started a remarkable immigration scheme. A subscription paper has been circulated among the gentlemen farmers, and it is proposed with the proceeds to import from Germany 200 pairs of skylarks, bullfinches, nightingales and thrushes. It costs about $450 to import a hundred pairs of these birds, but Napa, Sonoma, San Mateo and Sacramento counties are pursuing Marin county's example.

—The late Calmann Levy, the Paris publisher, was acquainted with nearly all the famous French writers for the last half century, and his house enjoyed almost a monopoly of the dramatists. He was the last of four brothers who were associated in the book trade, and he inherited a fortune of $8,000,000 from his brother Michael, the originator of the firm. The average annual output of Calmann Levy's presses was 1,724,000 volumes and 2,500,000 periodicals, and he kept going 14 paper mills, 30 printing-houses, 13 binderies and various other factories and workshops.—Harper's Weekly.

—A post mortem on the remains of Charles C. Barowsky, who died recently at Sioux City, Iowa, revealed the remarkable fact that he had lived for the past twenty-nine years with a bullet in his brains. He was shot with a revolver during the war, but recovered. Since then he had never been able to lie on the right side or to stoop over without violent pains in his head. The doctors found that the bullet had gone through the eye to the upper part of the head and turned downward and lodged near the base of the skull, where it had become encysted. The most vital parts of the brain were traversed by the ball, and how the man lived is a mystery.

—Many of the older residents of this section remember the late Dr. Warner, of New Milford, and will appreciate this little story, says the Danbury News. When Dr. Warner was a student at Yale he used to come home Saturday nights and return to New Haven Mondays. That was before the days of railways, and, as stage coaches did not leave New Milford Monday mornings for New Haven, young Warner used to mount his father's horse and ride to Yale on horseback. There were several toll gates on the route, and at each Warner would pay the return toll for his horse. Arriving at Yale he would affix to the bridle a card bearing these words: "Please not stop this horse." The sagacious animal would jog along homeward, invariably reaching his stall at New Milford all right. The toll takers got to know the horse and he was never interrupted.

## ENGLISH FARMS FLOODED.

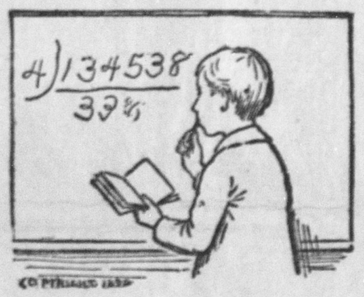
PHENOMENALLY BAD WEATHER CAUSES GREAT TROUBLE.

London, November 17.—There appears to be no end of the stories of damage resulting from the pheonomenally bad weather that has been prevailing in Great Britain. The latest story of the disaster comes from Somerset, one of the southwest counties of England. The county is traversed by a number of rivers, including the Parrot, Brue, Axe, Avon, Yeo and Tone. Along these rivers are immense marshes and tracts of land of great fertility. The farm lands are under a high state of cultivation, and consequently floods in that district are always accompanied by heavy losses to the tillers of the soil.

The heavy rains filled the rivers to the danger point. This was particularly the case with the river Porrot, and much anxiety was expressed lest the river should overflow and inundate the farm lands along its banks. What was dreaded has occurred for last night the bank of the river, at a point where it was particularly strong gave way and the water rushed through the crevasse and flowed to a considerable depth over the farms.

To make matters worse, the break occurred in a place in the bank but a comparatively short distance from where the river enters into the Bristol channel, and the result is that as the stream rises it causes the water in the river to back up, thus increasing the volume pouring through the break. All the farmers and others residing in the city are working energetically to stop the crevasse. Stones, timbers, trees and large bags of dirt are being thrown into the gap, but as yet the efforts to stop the flood have met with little success. The damage caused by the inundation is placed at $330,000 and it is believed that, unless the overflowing waters are soon turned back into the river, the loss will amount to an enormous sum.

—Some of our very fly young girls might profit by reading the following, being the experience of a young girl in the eastern part of the State. She met a drummer on a Saturday, mashed him on Sunday, married him the next Tuesday and was a deserted grass widow the next day. The drummer is still looking about for a few more foolish girls like this one who wish to get married.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by others—that's why the guarantee of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription should command attention. It's a guarantee that means something. If the medicine doesn't give satisfaction, in every case for which it's recommended, the money is promptly refunded. Remarkable terms—but it's a remarkable medicine. All the functional irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to womankind are cured by it. For leucorrhea, periodical pains, weak back, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints," it's an unfailing remedy. It is a powerful, restorative tonic and nervine, imparting strength and vigor to the whole system.

Try it, if you're an ailing woman. If it doesn't help you, you have your money back.

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results.



**Robbers and Thieves.**

Are always afraid of a house when there is a gun in it, so if you want to keep this class of people away from you, "Get a Gun" and protect yourself and family, beside having some pleasure in hunting. The best place to get these is at W. S. Brown's 450 and 522 Wood Street Pittsburgh, Pa., who has the largest and most complete stock in Western Penn'a, of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle and all kinds of sporting goods; Scissors, Razors Knives and Table Cutlery, also grinding of all kinds at

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Address HENRY NEIL, 44 E. 14th St., New York City.

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**Sheriff's Sale.**

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County and to me directed will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte on Saturday, Nov. 28th 1891 at 1 o'clock a. m. the following described real estate.

All that certain tract of land situated in the Borough of Millheim, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone, thence along land of Daniel A. Musser South 73½° w 27 per to a stone, thence along land of Jane and turnpike North 19° w 26.3 per to a stone, thence along land of Geo. Peters North 70° E 1.1 per to a stone thence by land of same South 19° E .7 per to stone, thence by same North 68½° E 7.8 per to stone, thence by land of J. Philip Gephart South 19° E 28.1 per to place of beginning. Thereon erected two two story frame dwelling houses, stable and other out buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Alten with notice to John Alters true tenant.

ALSO.

Saturday, Dec, 5th, 1891, at 1 o'clock p. m. the following real estate:

All defendants right, title and interest in and to a certain tract of land situated in Howard township, Centre County, Penna., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a dogwood thence by land surveyed to Wm Ramsey, South 47° E 135 perches to a corner thence S 47° West 81 per to a post; thence South 40° E 28 per. to a corner; thence by land formerly of Joseph Miles in right of Stephen Regent south 68° West 186 per to a post by marked chestnut; thence north 40° west 2 per to a post; thence by land of Curtin heirs north 6° E 17° per to a corner; thence north 49° West 76 per to a white oak; north 47° E 66 per to the place of beginning. containing 127 acres and 68 per more or less. Seized taken in executive and to be sold as the property of Jacob R. Leathers.

TERMS:—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid or arranged for in full.

W. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

Shiriff's Office, Nov. 5 1891.

Seines, Tents, Nets and Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns choke bored $8 to $50. Single Breech Loading Shot Guns, $4 to $25; Breech Loading and Repeating Rifles, $3 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double shot Guns, $5 to $35; Single Shot Guns, $2.50 to $20; Revolvers $1 to $20; Double Action Self Cockers, $2.50 to $10; All kinds of Cartridges, Shell, Caps, Wads, Tools, Powder, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Primers, send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun Works, 706 Smithfield St Pittsburgh, Pa. August 21st



AGENTS make 100 Per Cent. net on my Corsets, Belts, Brushes, Curlers & Medicine samples free. Write now. Dr. Bridgman, 371 Broadway, N. Y.



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The Eureka Cash Grocery, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES but now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23–25–26–28–35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

Next Door to Post-Office.

High Street, - - Bellefonte.

M. P. TUTEN, Proprietor.

WHAT IS

# SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

## How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLILE, Nauright, N. J.

N. B. Be sure to get only

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which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.

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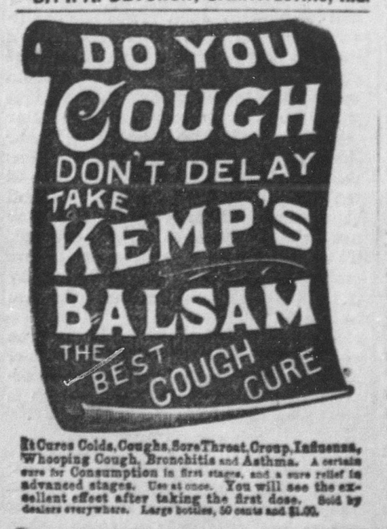


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## How the Big Stores Detect Women Who Steal.

**An Interesting Description of the Methods of Feminine Shoplifters—The Painful Ordeal of Searching the Culprits.**

"Shoplifting? Yes, there's hardly a day passes that I don't have one or two cases of it to look after, and, believe me, it's the most disagreeable function of a position like mine." So said the youngest partner and floor manager of a big Twenty-third street store where women buy everything they need, from shoes to hairpins.

"It's always a disagreeable duty for a man to have to accuse a woman of any sin," continued the young gentleman, who knows all about woman and her clothes, to a New York Journal reporter, "very disagreeable. Yet we cannot trust the task to a female employe. Why? Oh, for a variety of reasons, principally because women will brazen out a thing before a woman to the bitter end, and then because one cannot trust any woman to take abuse from another of her sex without resenting it, losing her head, and either mussing up the whole job, or in rare cases getting into a personal encounter.

"Of course we have women watching our customers and our goods, plenty of them. Every saleslady is a sort of ex-officio policeman in a big store, naturally, but then we have others who do nothing else than keep their eyes on the ladies who trade with us. Why don't we use men? For a very good reason. If we kept a lot of male detectives around we should have one hundred complaints a day about men staring at ladies, or following them, or something of the sort, and most of them would come from the fair ones who, if they got a chance, would purloin a half dozen pairs of gloves or a bit of lace in a moment."

"Use girls, then, eh?"

"Yes; we have bright girls for the watching and a good strong, healthy, woman to search such ladies as object to exhibiting the contents of their parcels and pocketbooks when called into the star chamber. But I always officiate as a sort of non-official judge on the case, and I'd rather do anything else in the world. Of course, we could hand every shoplifter caught over to the police, but we rarely adopt such a course. It would occasion too much publicity and possibly other disagreeable results."

"Why?"

"Because most women who steal aren't really responsible, and because when confronted with evidence absolute of their guilt, they'll always restore the purloined goods, weep and never come into the store again."

"Do you make many mistakes?"

"We never make the mistake of accusing a shoplifter wrongfully, because we never have a woman brought up on that charge unless she has actually been seen to take something. A wrong accusation would be a very serious affair, and the firm had much better lose a lot of property a year by theft than to have a mistake made in that direction. I've been here five years in my present position, and I never had to talk to a lady whose ideas of the ownership of property were lax in all that time unless the criminating evidence was unmistakable."

"How do you draw the line between kleptomania and real larceny?"

"It's hard to draw the line between kleptomania and a real larcenous design where women are concerned. I've been a constant student of the mental conditions and methods of the fair sex for years, and instead of becoming hardened, I've developed a great deal of sympathy for women who steal.

"We all know, of course, that woman, in the aggregate, is a creature of impulse and intuition. Well, widen the natural belief of man a bit, and it's almost impossible to decide as to the line of demarkation between kleptomania and larceny. Women's ideas of right and wrong and all that haven't fixed boundaries drawn by the mathematically correct hand of reason like a man's.

"Is it the vicious who steal most?"

"My ideas are borne out by the statistics of our larceny court. It isn't uneducated, vicious and generally depraved women who do the greatest amount of stealing from store counters. It's the refined, reasonably-well raised, even the luxuriously-bred but financially embarrassed ladies who, once coveting an article of dress, must be carefully watched for their own sakes as well as ours. Of course we aren't in the business as ethical and moral reformers solely, and we watch 'em more for our own than for their sakes."

"What do they do when detected?"

"Oh, they generally get indignant and try to leave the place in an assumed 'huf,' but when they are informed that an interview is necessary as an alternative to an immediate arrest, they always submit. The interview is generally an ordeal for all present. It's only a question of time when the accused is dissolved in tears and hysteria, ordinarily, but there are often a lot of preliminaries to be gone through which a man with experience can abbreviate by what the surgeons would term 'heroic treatment at the inception.'

"Most of the shoplifters I have ever had interviews with deny the whole accusation first, threaten, accuse the accuser, make a row when a search is suggested, and finally go all to pieces at the mention of the police, produce the stolen goods, cry, get hysterical, and eventually end up by offering anything within their means if we only won't give publicity to the affair. Of course we don't want to any more than they don't want us to. Keeping track of our own property is as much a part of our business as buying and selling at a profit; but the ladies don't know that, and unless the fair culprit be one who has been detected before she is always permitted to depart with as much dignity as she can muster, and we even allow her time, solitude and toilet articles to efface the result of her ordeal as much as possible."


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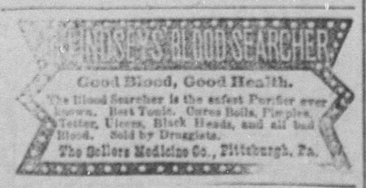
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LE MARS, PLYMOUTH CO., IA., May, 1889.

I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.

F. BORNHORST.

Extract From a Letter

of the Rev. J. McGowan, Cadyville, New York: "I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."

EAST GLENVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1890.

I used one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for dizziness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and even more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. P. HANCE.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

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## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Milwaukee has added a cooking school to her system of public school instruction.

—By the will of the late Mrs. N. B. Hurlbutt, of Groton, the American Missionary association receives $26,983.

—The university of Arizona ordered from the east outfits for the working of every kind of ore in order to give practical instruction in that line.

—It is said that the Palo Alto university, established by Leland Stanford, has a thousand more applicants for admission this year than there are accommodations for.

—There are 1,930 foreign students at German universities; 231 of them are from Russia, 293 from Austria, 225 are Swiss, 117 English and 436 Americans, mostly from the United States.

—At the late Congregational council in London Dr. Waldenstrom, of Sweden, reported that there were 700 Congregational churches, with a membership of 100,000 in Sweden. These churches maintain a theological seminary in which there are forty students.

—Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer announces from the platform that there are to-day 40,000 girls in the colleges of America. This gives color to Dr. Seelye's declaration that before the end of the present century the American women will be better educated than the men.

—A decline in the membership of Quakers in Great Britain began about the end of the last century, and continued until 1860. Since that time, however, there has been an increase of one or two hundred per annum, and there are now about 15,836 members of that society.

—There are 4,987 Sunday-schools in the state of Missouri. The number of teachers and officers is 48,877, and the number of scholars 411,481. The number of Sunday-school scholars in the state is about 65 per cent. of the total enrollment of all children of school age in Missouri.

—Lepers in India were treated with shocking inhumanity before Christianity entered that country. Many of them were buried alive. The English rulers have put a stop to this custom, and for fourteen years there has been a special Christian mission to the 135,000 lepers in India.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

—The Japan conference of the Methodist Episcopal church held its annual meeting in Tokio in July, and adopted several memorials to be presented to the next general conference of the Methodist church of this country, which will be held next year. Among other things, the Japan conference asks for the appointment of a bishop to reside in Japan or China and the establishing of a branch of the Methodist Book Concern in Tokio.

## VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.

**A Plant Out in California That Produces Hard-Boiled Eggs.**

Among the many curious things in the plant world, such as flowers that eat flies, the Holy Ghost plant, that bears a white dove in its petals, and others equally interesting, there is none more curious than solanum gatratrum, a recent addition to Golden Gate park conservatory.

This plant bears hard-boiled eggs for fruit. At least, the fruit resembles a hard-boiled egg, with the shell taken off, as nearly as a truly egg can.

There are three eggs on the park plant—one as large as a pigeon's egg, another the size of a turkey's product, and the third is about five and a half inches long by two and a half wide. In color they are identical to the bluish white of the cooked article of hen production. The laying plant was the great object of attraction in the conservatory yesterday, and groups of people stood before it all day, wondering what it was and whether the fruit was good to eat.

The blossom is small, of a rich purple hue, and when the flower drops off a little white egg is seen. This grows to about the size of its cousin, the pear-shaped egg plant of commerce. But the white variety preserves the perfect egg shape in all stages of its development.

It thrives in the open air wherever the purple plant grows, and is cultivated in the same way. Another variety of the same family bears a golden yellow fruit, but the white variety is the only one in which the fruit is of the ovoid form.

When pressed between the fingers the white fruit is found to possess the same soft, elastic feeling as a hard-boiled egg. The interior is filled with cells and small seeds, like the purple plant of the tomato.

Aside from its utility as an article of food it is prized for its rarity and beauty. The plant stands about two feet high, and has broad, soft, oval leaves of dark green.—San Francisco Examiner.

## IT SOUNDED LIKE MURDER.

**But It was Only a Case of Tooth Pulling.**

"Ow-ow-oo—oh!"

A long-drawn, fearful shriek of pain rang out from an upper floor of a tall building on Clark street, near Madison, the other afternoon.

"Om—m-m-mer-cy!" and another wail of mortal anguish made the hair of a countryman from Cadillac, Mich., stand erect as he stopped with a jerk at the curb.

Again there was a fearful shriek, followed by low, broken moans of pain, and the old man moved briskly toward a big policeman on the other side of the street. As he neared this guardian of the peace he noticed that the officer's eyes were fixed on those upper windows from which the sound proceeded, and a broad grin was overspreading his face.

Oh, vilainy! The old man glanced rapidly about him for aid. No one had noticed the shriek, and as if to make sure he was not dreaming he glanced upward in the direction of those low moans that seemed dying away in the last throes of death. And this is what he read posted on the side of the build-


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DR J. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

## CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.

Across the silent, purple hills,
Thro' cloudy rifts of amethyst,
The setting sunlight softy thrills,
And wraps the world in amber mist.

A new, fresh world it seems to-night,
Untouched by any thought of woe;
I stand alone, and from my height
Watch the rich colorings come and go.

On village spires all silvery white,
On windows touched to ruddy glow,
On nearer stream, that glistens bright
Along its winding, shadow'd flow.

How calm it is, and yet in truth
One hour ago a wild storm swept
These hills and valleys; whilst in ruth
The world was bowed—the heavens wept.

But now what change! the golden mist
Creeps over hill and sky again;
The smiling valleys, sunset kissed,
Catch God's "clear shining after rain."

So sends He storm to every heart;
No perfect peace but comes through pain;
We can but calmly take our part,
And waft "clear shining after rain."
-Grace Adele Pearce, in Woman's Journal.

## MY DISOBEDIENCE.

### The Terrible Price of an Afternoon's Pleasure.

I was always afraid of father, but with poor little mother it was another thing. Father was hard and stern with us children, and when he told me to do anything I just stepped; but she was too gentle and loving to say a harsh word, and I often took advantage of that fact in father's absence. Toward him I felt little emotion except that of fear, while I loved mother with all the strength of my passionate nature; yet her I often disobeyed; him, never.

How well I remember my last and greatest disobedience and the bitter lesson that I received in consequence. I was about fourteen at the time, and we were living on a farm some distance out of the village where my father was an overseer in the mill. Bad luck had followed him for some time and he was quite heavily in debt. My three older sisters had one by one died of lingering consumption, the house had taken fire and burned to the ground when uninsured, and in the effort to save some of the furniture father was badly injured and had to stop work for some time. So when the new house was built and furnished he had to run behind a good deal, and we had to practice the strictest economy in consequence.

Father had gone back into the mill again, and my long summer vacation had begun, when yet another misfortune came to us, though I was too young and thoughtless to realize much about it. Mother began to show signs of the same fatal disease that had claimed my three sisters, and her strength failed quite rapidly.

However, she would not allow father to hire a girl as long as we were in debt and she could keep about, and father at last consented to get along for the time being without one if the washing could be put out and I would stay at home and help. That is how my life's sorrow found me.

Although, as I have said, I loved my mother passionately, I was not always as good to her as I should have been. I was full of life and spirits and did not realize her condition, and the confinement at home was often very irksome to me. So I began to slip away with the boys and leave her alone for hours at a time, knowing my father would not be home from the mill till night, and that she loved me too well to tell him of my neglect and so bring down upon me a well-merited punishment.

Mother still kept about the house and looked after her work, and I never realized until afterward how hard it was for her. She grew paler and thinner day by day, and the brilliant red that glowed fitfully in her cheeks and made her look so lovely would have told a more experienced eye than mine that the gentle, loving woman was fast going where sickness and sorrow are unknown. As for me, I remained blind to it all, and often grumbled at the little things that she occasionally asked me to do.

Naturally enough, I grew more wild and rebellious with every indulgence, and my neglect daily became more apparent. But the end was near.

The Champions, a boys' baseball club of which I was the catcher, had arranged to play a match game with the Victors, a team from a neighboring and rival village, one Wednesday afternoon. Of course it was all we boys could talk about for a week before the event took place, but at last the day actually arrived. The game was to begin at half-past one, and I would have to start as soon as possible after dinner in order to get there in season.

I did not dare mention the match to father, for I knew he would surely forbid my attending it. My rival, Billy Atwood, would be only too glad to catch, and if he did I might lose my position in the nine and that I could not bear to think of. No; I must be there and catch, be the consequences what they would.

Father came home to his dinner, and it was nearly one o'clock that day before he started back to his work. Mother had been feebler than ever all the morning, but I never noticed anything about that. The coming ball game filled my head so full that there was room for nothing else.

As soon as father was out of sight I started to slip out the back door, but quiet as I was about it my mother noticed me.

"Won't you get me some fresh water, Henry?" she said, in a low, gentle voice. "That in the bucket is stale, and it is so warm this afternoon. I am very thirsty."

With a frown on my face I caught the pail angrily up and went hastily out into the yard. It was only a minute's work to fill the bucket at the pump and I was soon back again.

"Why didn't you get me some nice, cool spring water, dear?" said my mother, as I came in with my pail. "The well water is so hard I cannot drink it. Please get some; it won't take you very long."

Now the spring where we got most of our drinking water was nearly a quarter of a mile across the fields and it was already a quarter past one. In my mind's eye I saw the game already begun, myself absent, and Billy behind the bat. Such thoughts were unendurable.

"Oh, that water is good enough and I'm in a hurry. Don't be so fussy," I saucily answered.

"But, Henry, I don't like the well water and it makes me feel unwell, too. Your father wants you to stay and help me, you know. Can't you do that much for your poor, sick mother, dear?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose I can. You are bound a fellow sha'n't have any fun, though, and always contrive some way to stop it. Give us the old pail," I burst out in a rage as I caught it up and started for the door again.

My mother never said a word in reply to my disrespectful and brutal speech, but she gave me such a reproachful look from her unnaturally large and brilliant eyes that I felt a strong impulse to turn back and ask her pardon then and there if I had to lose the ball game in consequence. I noticed, too, how pale and slight she was growing, and I saw her tremble as she stood beside the table watching me out.

But I drove away my good angel and went out with the water pail, banging the door after me. I started slowly off toward the spring without a single look behind me, though I well knew the tender glance of those lovely, reproachful eyes was following me as I went.

But the tempter is always near to a wavering mind. The thought of what I was losing came back with redoubled force as I neared the spring, and my indignation toward the poor mother who had unknowingly kept me at home increased in the same proportion.

"You can go and play ball and then come back and get the water as soon as the game is over," he whispered. "That will do just as well. She won't tell your father and he will never find it out."

In a moment the pail was hidden in the ferns beside the spring and I was off across the fields as hard as I could run. Ten minutes later I reached the ball ground, hot and breathless, to find I was just in time to prevent the game from beginning without me, and with Billy Atwood for catcher.

The match was long and close, but it ended at last. I caught a magnificent game and was so excited that I never once thought of the poor sick mother at home with nothing to quench her thirst but the nauseous well water during the long, hot afternoon.

At four o'clock I hastened home, flushed with triumph and entirely forgetful of my disobedience, and burst noisily into the house, crying out:

"Mother, mother, we beat 'em! we beat 'em! The Victors are victors no longer, and everybody says I caught a splendid game."

But there was no answer. The kitchen was silent and forsaken, so was the sitting-room. Where could the little mother be?

I soon ascertained that she was not about the house, and thought, with a sinking heart, that perhaps she had gone for the water herself. Ah! I remembered my disobedience then, and bitterly did I regret it.

I fairly flew down the path to the spring, and as I neared it I saw a motionless figure lying beside the wall, in the full glare of the blazing sun. It was mother.

In an instant I was kneeling at her side, wildly imploring her to speak to me and pleading for forgiveness. For some time she remained unconscious of my tears and prayers, then the lovely, languid eyes slowly opened, and she gazed up into my face with the same loving, reproachful look lingering in their depths.

"Forgive me, mother; only this time and I will never do so again!" I sobbed.

She tried to answer me, a shudder shook her slight frame, and then the blood burst through her drawn lips in a bright scarlet stream. Another shudder throbbed through her emaciated form, then her head dropped and the beautiful eyes half closed.

With a wild cry I fled from the spot and rushed to the nearest neighbor's for help. It was only a few minutes till I was back again with four strong men, but to me it seemed an age.

My mother's fragile form was placed on an improvised stretcher, and tenderly borne back to the house of which she had always been the light and the guardian angel; while my father and a physician were hastily summoned. Both came immediately, but they were too late. She was gone.

Yes; my mother's pure, loving, blameless life was over. That walk to the spring in the hot sun, together with the effort she made in climbing over the wall, had been too much for her remaining strength. My cruel, wicked disobedience had killed her.

I wailed for hours with frantic grief and repentance when they told me the bitter truth, but it came too late. Never upon earth might I atone for my cruel neglect, for those beautiful eyes were closed forever. I had refused her last request, and her last look had been one of sad and tender reproach. No wonder I felt like a murderer.

Years have passed since that terrible afternoon, yet the last look I saw in my mother's eyes haunts me to-day. It always will. I can never forget that my unfilial conduct embittered the last moments of an idolized parent, and that when my own time shall come at last, and I enter the city not made with hands, I shall be confronted by the damning record of my sinful waywardness. God grant that when I meet my mother's ransomed spirit, beyond the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, I may not see the reproachful look I remember so well still shining in the beauteous eyes!—O. E. Young, in Goodall's Sun.

—Aaron Burr resigned from the provincial army by reason of ill health in 1789. In 1800 he and Jefferson each had seventy-three electoral votes for the office of president of the United States. The choice was thus left to congress, which, on the thirty-sixth ballot, chose Jefferson for president and Burr for vice president.

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## THE HIGHLAND HILL-FOX.

### An "Amusin' Little Cuss"—Very Interesting, But Not to Be Depended On.

A writer, in describing the characteristics of the hill-fox of the Highlands, says that a hill-fox cub running about the house makes an interesting and amusing pet; for he is almost as playful as a kitten, and always ready for a romp with any creature, biped or quadruped, that will play with him. When he approaches maturity, however, and is nearly full grown, he must be chained up, watchdogwise, for the "old Adam" is strong in him, and after he is six months old, if allowed to roam about, he will assuredly begin to kill your ducks and hens, and that, too, no matter how well and regularly you feed him, in defiance of every punishment and all you can do to prevent him. Even on the chain you can not always be sure of him.

Some years ago, the writer says, we used frequently to interview a year-old fox chained to a small wooden kennel in the barnyard of a neighboring farm, and the way the rascal managed to secure an occasional fowl by way of lunch was exceedingly clever and amusing. His principal meal for the day consisted of a mixture of porridge and milk, which was laid down within his reach in a wooden bowl. Of this he ate heartily; but, as the allowance was always liberal, it was generally the case that a little was left over, and it was with this remainder that the wily rascal managed occasionally to entice a fowl within reach. His modus operandi was as follows: When he had taken a fair quantity of porridge and milk, he struck the edge of the bowl smartly with his paw, so that it was overturned and the contents scattered around. He then lay down, curling himself dogwise, as if to sleep, but always with his face toward the spilt porridge, over which he still continued to watch with half an eye, even when he pretended to be locked in profoundest slumber. By and by the fowls, attracted by the scattered bait, began to gather round, and, although it was clear that their instinct warned them to be cautious in venturing within reach of so treacherous a customer, even in his sleep, it occasionally happened that, sooner or later, a stupid cockerel, or still stupider duck, would venture to the near neighborhood of the overturned bowl, and begin to eat, thus giving the fox his opportunity.

With a single bound he had that duck or cockerel by the neck, and with a second bound he was out of sight into his kennel; and within a very short time nothing of that unfortunate fowl remained except the feathers and a few bones, and these the cunning rascal always took care to hide away under the straw that formed his bed in the darkest corner of his den. When, at last, the good-wife of the farm began to miss her fowls and the trick was discovered, the fox's chain was shortened, and his allowance of porridge slightly diminished in the expectation that he would now eat it all, and thus be deprived of the wherewithal to entice the poultry within reach. It was no use, however. He still left over a little porridge for bait; and, by following the same tactics as before, he continued to snap up an occasional fowl in spite of every precaution. Although a great favorite with everybody about the farm, such perseverance in evildoing became at last intolerable, and the fox was shot. It was not till then, and when his kennel was being cleaned out, that a layer of feathers and bones hidden away underneath the straw bore witness to the extent of his depredations.—Rod and Gun.

## FROM PILLAR TO POST.

### Poor Old Aunt Patience Had a Hard Time of It.

Avarice and restlessness are not natural mates. The stingy man is generally a "stayer." He hangs to his habitation as tightly as to his money. But now and then you find one of nature's misers who is as restless as a hornet. I came across such a character in a suburban town the other day.

"D'ye notice that ol' chap who run the funeral?" asked the owner of the local livery stable, as I handed him the reins of the team which had just taken me to a burial.

"Yes; what of it!"

"Oh, nothin'! Queer ol' cuss, though! Owns that buryin' ground, up there; an' that block, over there; an' two or three town lots besides."

"Anything queer about that?"

"No; not in pertickler. But he's queer, though! Married my wife's sister. Oh! I know him to a T!" said the old man, picking his stray teeth with a spear of "timothy."

"What do you know about him?" I persisted.

"Know? I know he's by nater the stingiest man that ever drawed breath!"

"Yankee; isn't he?"

"Waal, I ain't a-bleeged t' testify ez t' that," continued the old Vermonter, "but he's likewise the on-easiest creeter top o' ground—'nless 't might be his wife, 'n I can't speak for, bein's she's dead."

"She's probably resting all right if she is dead," I suggested.

"Waal, I said 'top o' ground,' an' I stick by the statement. She's been dead goin' on five year, but thar an't no soil coverin' her, fur all that."

"What! Dead five years and not buried yet?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, she's ben buried 'nuff times! No trouble 'bout that. Waal, I'll tell ye; he can't let her bones rest, nohow. Never did let 'em when she wuz usin' 'em; now she's got through draggin' 'em around herself. Why, she'd no sooner git sot in a comf'table rocker, in her arthly days, than ol' Zac 'd make targe her with his eyes dead-sot on her chair like a puppy eyen' a rat hole—an' she'd have to move an' give the chair to him! 'Twouldn't be five minutes more 'fore he'd rout her out of another chair! From pillur t' post—allus on the go! Then they'ed move regler, every year or two. Ol' Zack 'd buy a place an' Patience would work like all possess and fix it up, snug's a pocket in a shirt—rake the yard, paint the woodwork, paper the walls, set out pieplant an' sage an' currant bushes an' posies, a make over the whole place, inside an out, cozy's a wren's nest. Then she'd settle down with a sigh, an' fur a month or two she'd 'bout begin ter b'lieve what the old man allus told her—that they'd settle there fur the rest of their nachul lives. Course he didn't believe it none of the time! Jus told it t' git her fired up t' patch the holes an' stop the cracks an' make the ol' house look like new. Then some one'd come along an' offer him a good figger on the place 'cause it looked so nice, an' ol' Zack 'd snap 'em up—an' Aunt Patience 'd move agin and go through the same motions right over agin.

"Aunt Patience never said nothin'; 'twan't her way—not till she come to die. Then she told Mirandy—that's my wife—that she was glad she was goin' t' be laid away fur she hadn't been able t' find a stiddy abidin'-place fur the sole of her foot on arth, an' she hoped it would be a long time 'fore the judgment day, so she could git good'n' rested for once.

"But, poor creetur, she hadn't hed much chance, not ef her sperit's still knowin' to her mortal remains. She hadn't ben buried six months 'fore somebody come along an' wanted the buryin' lot she's restin' in an' offered ol' Zack a big price fur it. He dug her up an' set her coffin across two saw-hosses in the buryin'-ground toolhouse an' left her there fur two or three months 'fore he dast plant her agin' fur fear he'd find a chance t' sell that lot.

"But finally he buried her agin, an' sure enough the very next spring somebody did want that very lot an' wuz willin' to pay extra fur it. He dug her up agin, an' she passed another season in the toolhouse. Course he couldn't keep her there allus. Folks began to talk, so he put her under a light coverin' of dirt agin, an' there she's laid till her poor ol' bones had to be hustled out of that grave t' make place fur the corpse that wuz jest buried to-day.

"I tell ye what, I han't no hankerin' t' b'l'eve that sperrits knows anything 'bout what's goin' on 'round their corpses. 'Twouldn't be no comfort to anybody that ever knowed Aunt Patience. Poor old soul! Poor old soul! Allus a-shiftin' frum pillur t' post!"—Forrest Crissey, in Chicago Mail.

## A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

### How Young Lawyers Fare in Establishing a Practice.

Members of a firm of lawyers who try cases in the court of general sessions were seated in one of the court rooms the other day telling stories of their struggles when they first entered upon the practice of the profession that requires so much attention and years of patient work to attain success. In criminal law, especially, the fight for bread is a hard one. To make the best of it the fees are small, and unless a big case of a rich banker or merchant gone wrong is obtained, there is not much "in it." The thieves and burglars as a rule have little money to spend for their defense. Indeed, very many have none at all, and the court is required to furnish an advocate for them. They make many promises of sending the first money they earn to the lawyer, but the latter seldom derives benefit from such contingent fees.

To pay the office rent is always the hardest work for the beginner. Then he has to dress fairly well to make a good appearance in court. The experience of the lawyers in question was a fair sample of beginners' trials. Their plan was to watch for a client coming up the stairs. After keeping him sitting for a long time—as long as they thought he would be patient—one would rush out of an inner room with a check book in his hand and call to his partner to make out a check for thirty-five thousand or forty thousand dollars for some fictitious client. Then a letter was dictated saying that the case with the elevated road had been settled. Check books were not expensive, and their effect upon unsuspicious clients was manifest. The check book incident being over and an armful of books being lugged through the room by the half-starved office boy, the client would be attended to and his five-dollar case discussed with great gravity, or the petit larceny charge examined as though millions were involved. One of the firm would then go to court and shout himself hoarse, when there was not a possible chance for an acquittal. This was for effect upon the court room crowd, who, as a rule, judge the ability of the lawyer by the amount of noise he makes.

So the struggle went on for three years. Now the firm is a busy one, and criminals are lucky to get the services of the lawyers who had such a struggle at first.—N. Y. Times.

### The Dry-Smoker.

"I smell tobacco smoke and it is making me sick; there is a man smoking on the cars," said a lady on an open street car to the conductor, pointing out a man occupying a seat in the center of the car who had a cigar in his mouth. The conductor approached the man and said: "The smokers' seats are the two in the rear of the car." The man said something, but did not remove his cigar. "It's all right," said the conductor, returning to the lady passenger, "he's a dry-smoker." Which was true. The man simply held an unlighted cigar in his mouth and chewed the nicotine out of it. He was frightfully blue, indicating heart disease, and was compromising with death and the doctor by this evasive dry smoking. He had something more practical, however, to stimulate his imagination than had the lady who smelled the smoke, as he could really get the good of the cigar in that way.—Detroit Free Psess.

—Lemon Meringue Custard (Baked).—One quart milk; five eggs; one tablespoonful butter; one cup sugar; one teaspoonful corn-starch; two lemons. Beat the yolks of the eggs light, and stir them into the butter creamed with sugar, and the juice and grated rind of the lemons. Dissolve the corn-starch in the milk, and add this to the other ingredients. Bake in a buttered pudding dish until the custard is set, then cover it with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs whipped stiff with a quarter cupful of sugar and brown very lightly. Eat cold.—Harper's Bazar.

## ADDTIIONAL LOCALS.

—Plant your holiday advertisements.

—Advertise your Christmas novelties.

—It seems very quiet without any operas.

—And the young people will get married.

—Don't forget to attend the churches to-morrow.

—The new electric light building will soon be under roof.

—And now the residents of Phoenix street want a light.

—The funeral of Mrs. Armour on Friday afternoon was a large one.

—Not many days now until the Thanksgiving turkey will be in the roasting pan.

—We are sorry to hear that James R. Alexander, of this place, is ill with typhoid fever.

—The extra session is over and Boyer and McCamant are still occupying their respective positions.

—We have now had a few days of nice weather which will be a great help to the farmers in getting in their corn.

—The property of 'Squire Rankin, at Karthaus, will be sold at Sheriff's sale to help meet some of his defaulting debts.

—A scientist has discovered a bug which eats cigarettes. This is certainly a great improvement on the human beings who smoke them.

—And now it looks as if there might be a war in China. If the war clouds keep on a brewing there will be some thunder ere many days.

—There now seems to be considerable talk about an electric street railway, but we would advise those that have horses and carriages to hold on to them a week or two yet.

—On Thursday evening several members of the Bellefonte band met for the practice in the Arbitration room in the court house and the continurl toot, toot, toot sounded strangely familiar.

—If all reports are true the Karthaus *Times* may get into trouble for publishing the 'Squire Rankin stories, as the 'Squire is said to be at home again and that the stories of his defaulting are all false.

With the advent of November the chilly blasts of the advance of winter are felt. It is now in season to remind the well-to-do that the poor will keenly feel these winds, and a helping hand to make them comfortable will be in keeping with a simple duty.

—Mr. Isaac Harpt says that the thief that stole four pigs from his stable on Halfmoon hill road made a bad mistake, as three of them were only two weeks old. If he had left them with their mother a few weeks longer they would have done better.

—The democratic papers throughout the state are now louder in their denunciations of Governor Pattison for calling the Senate in extra session than are the republican papers. And probably by this time Governor Pattison himself knows it was a bad move.

—Guess it is getting to chilly in Chili for the Chilians to fight. They all seem to have cooled off remarkably quick and none the less effectual. And that reminds us, that there are not very many nations on this globe that are itching to tackle Uncle Sam.

—It is said that there is a certain newspaper scribbler in Bellefonte who goes to Boalsburg to hunt coons. Lately he spen three nights in succession hunting for his favorite and never got home until three o'clock in the morning, and report saith, that all he caught was one small "Koon," and a live one at that. As it was the same coon each night it is hard to tell what he catches it for. The people are on to you, young fellow, and so is the old man.

—A few mornings ago while yet express messenger Waddle was slumbering midst sweet dreams he heard the whistle of the early morning train. As Mr. Waddle expected to have a deer to ship that morning it was necessary he make haste to reach the office in season. How he got there is hard to say but his appearance when he did arrive was somewhat startling. Still arrayed in nightshirt and his stockingless feet arrayed in slippers he presented anything but a comfortable appearance; and then to make matters still worse John Laurie was present and had met the dear and instead of shipping it to Unionville had sent it up the Buffalo Run road.

### THE WAY MAX FEELS.

Max O'Rell is so infatuated with American women and their independent, taking ways, that the other day he said: If I had to be born again, and I might choose my sex and birthplace, I would shout at the top of my voice, 'Oh! make me an American woman." Quite a big compliment. Max is evidently a close student of human nature and knows a good thing when he sees it.

### TURN ON THE LIGHT.

A new arc light dynamo has been purhased by the electric light company at n expense of several thousand dollars and ill be received, up and ready for business n a month at the farthest. The new dynamo has a capacity of fifty arc lights and nd when it has been put up together with heir new engine then Bellefonte can have ll the light turned on that it may want.

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NEW BLACK SILKS—FURS—FASHIONABLE CAPES—MILLINERY.

The fancy for colored designs on black grounds, is again charmingly illustrated in new silks by clusters of small flowers in bright pink, crimson, green and yellow, or blue, on plain black satin or surah, sometimes diversified by narrow satin stripes, running straight or in Chevion effects. In this style of material, the floral figures are rather far apart and often a single flower, such as a daisy or a pink, differing entirely from the ordinary brocaded silk. In evening silks, a very pretty effect is attained by two or three narblack satin stripes crossing shaded moire grounds in light blue, shell pink, straw color and white. China silks in self-colors and figures in contrast, are very much worn this season at small evening entertainments, and will prove to be useful, economical costumes, as they are likely to remain stylish during the following summer. Black silks in brocades and satin stripes are popular, but plain black silk is scarcely seen, except in the way of an accessory; as for example, a blue and white wool of very rough texture, may have sleeves and vest of black silk and jet passementrie.

COMBINATIONS.

in millinery tlean toward the fantastic, white lace, fur and jet being seen on the same hat, or four pairs of differently colored wings, and a high loop of shaded ribbon, on drab velvet. Black lace is used to a considerable extent on velvet or felt, and some round hats with cut jet crowns are largely composed of it, looking as gossamer-like as if it were the midst of summer. Three or four pink chiffon folds passing around the head and meeting at the back under a chiffon rosette, with a pair of pink wings placed directly in front, is called an evening hat. Happily these are extremes.

FURS.

From present indications mink and seal appear to be the leading furs of the season. Curled gray krimmer is very stylish, and Persian lamb and Astrakhan have by no means lost their hold on popular favor. Hudson Bay otter is however the most elegant of furs; it holds the dye better than seal, costing about twenty-five per cent additonal. After being in use ten or twelve years, no trace of wear is apparent, and it can be re-made to look perfectly new. The fashionable cape of to-day is longer than its predecessors: is closely fitted at the back and front, with high collar and slashed sleeves, varying from seventeen to twenty-four inches in depth. A very stylish shape has jacket back and loose fronts, quite similar to the cloth cape, now so much in vogue. A double-breasted jacket twenty-six to thirty inches long, of gray krimmer or Astrakhan throughout, bids fair to be very popular and is both handsome and useful. An elegant garment called "The Hussar" if of first quality Alaska seal or Hudson Bay sable, from twenty-eight to thirty-four inches in depth, having high collar and deep cuffs, with frogs of passementerie extending across the front and closing in the centre with fur buttons. Head boas are are very fashionable, and fur trimmings of all kinds will be more generally used than ever before. The first requisite in purchasing furs, is to deal with a reliable house, and the leading American furrier C. C. Shayne, 124 West 42d St, supplies the elite of the city with first class furs of every description, at the lowest possible price at which reliable goods can be produced, for the reason that he owns his establishment and has no rent to pay. It is a conceded fact that Mr. Shayne has the finest stock of Hudson Bay otter in the world.

VERONA CLARKE.

### SIGNS OF A HARD WINTER.

"This is going to be a very hard winter," said an old resident of Lackawanna valley the other day, "and I'll tell you why I said so. In the first place look at the hornet's nests. You will find them high up this fall. That's a sure sign of a hard winter. If it was going to be a mild winter you would find them near the ground. Two years and three years ago the winters were mild, and the hornet's nests were low down.

"Then take angle worms for another sign. Dig in the ground now and you will find them crawling two feet or more below the surface. They know what kind of weather is coming and they go down to avoid the frost. Two years I found them not three inches under the surface and they stayed there all winter.

"Fuzz on hogs is another sure sign of a severe winter. Butcher a hog now and you will find a thick fuzz at the roots of the bristles, The fuzz wouldn't be there if next winter wasn't going to be a tough one. Two and three years ago this fall there wasn't any fuzz at all on hogs, and you know how open the winters were.

"I predicted a hard winter in 1885 from these signs, and my neighbors ridiculed me, or tried to, but we got it just as I said. I had so much faith in the signs that I got a lot of boys to trap all the quails for me that they could. I wintered over 200 quails and in the spring of 1856 there wasn't a live quail in the Lackawanna valley except the ones I had. I turned them all loose at various points, and in the fall we had some good shooting, which we wouldn't have had if I hadn't paid attention to the signs."

### PUNCHED SAM SMALL.

ATLANTA, Nov. 12.—Sam Small, the noted evangelist, was attacked this morning and severely beaten, by Tom Minor, an Atlanta saloon keeper. The liquor man's fists were wielded with great force, and the sensational preacher came out of the encounter with a split lip and a badly bruised nose. Last Sunday Mr. Small delivered an address to a large crowd at the Prohibition Hall, Atlanta. After attacking several whisky dealers, he charged Tom Minor with having deserted his family, leaving them to starve.

Minor saw Small enter a barber shop this morning and followed him. As Small hung his overcoat up and started toward a chair Minor struck him on the nose. Small fell to the floor, and before he could rise Minor kicked him in the face. Small's face is badly bruised, his under lip is cut, and he has lost three teeth.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. S. Cheney & Co. Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

### FOR INVESTMENT ONLY.

At Meadville the citizens have a fund raised by subscription, which is to be invested by a committee representing the subscribers in manufacturing enterprises. The fund is not designed for donation, but for investment with every prospect that such investments will not only return large dividends but materially advance the prosperity of the town. The Meadville *Tribune* says: "It is proposed to pay the subscriptions in 20 per cent. assessments, said assessments to be made quarterly. Thus a person subscribing $500, pays $100 per year for five years in sums of $25 every three months, and every dollar so paid will be invested by a committee, made up of the subscribers themselves, in manufacturing enterprises, and a certificate to this effect will be issued by the manufacturing company in which the money is invested."

The subscribers are not asked to donate a cent, but to invest their money in manufacturing where it will produce better dividends than from investments in any other direction. Fifty thousand dollars will be raised and about $20,000 has already been subscribed. Such a scheme ought to work in Bellefonte as well as in Meadville and why not organize a committee and try it.

### PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

s 24–1 y

### PART of "RED NOSE MIKE'S" PLUNDER.

WILKSBARRE, November 12.—At Pine Ridge, four miles from here, a party of boys while playing in the woods found a satchel containing $600. The detectives of this city are of the opinion that the money found is part of the "Red Nose Mike" plunder after the McClure-Flanigan murder. It was found, partially uncovered, a short distance from the roadway and near the scene of the murder of the paymaster and his assistant.

### MY FAMILY DOCTOR

For the last two years has been Sulphur Bitters, and until I began using them in my family, we had more or less sickness, and our doctor's bill has been very large. Since we began their use, we have had no doctor to pay, and three dollars invested in Sulphur Bitters has kept health in our family.—*E. Knott, Postmaster, Waverly Iowa.*

### LARGE PENSION.

George C. Leapard, of Beaver Falls, Pa., has recently been granted one of the largest back pensions ever issued. He has been granted $72 per month and holds vouchers which entitles him to $22,486. He belonged to the 32d Iowa Volunteers and was wounded during the war in an engagement in Louisiana. One side is paralyzed and he is almost helpless.

### Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by C. M. Parrish. Drug store

### LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

jy 30—1y

## BALLOT REFORM IDEAS.

IMPORTANT POINTS OF THE BAKER BILL RECALLED AT THE PROPER TIME.

HARRISBURG, Nov., 12.—The board appointed under the provisions of the Baker Ballot Reform act, consisting of William F. Harrity, Secretary of Commonwealth, Thomas J. Stewart, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and Thomas McCamant, Auditor General, announces that it will meet in the Supreme Court room, in this city, on the 25th inst., from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., for the purpose of examining such styles, samples and patterns of shelves or compartments and guard rails as may be submitted. Such improved ballot boxes as may be exhibited will also be inspected. County Commissioners are invited to be present, as well as those having patterns of shelves or compartments, guard rails and ballot boxes.

County Commissioners are requested to immediately take such means as may be necessary to bring to the attention of the Court of Quarter Sessions the importance of dividing election districts wherever "the convenience of the electors and the public interests will be promoted thereby." The Constitution requires that in Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Allegheny City election districts shall be divided whenever at the next preceding election more than 250 votes shall have been polled therein. It is desirable that this suggestion shall receive prompt attention because of the difficulty that is likely to be experienced in providing rooms large enough to be fitted up with voting shelves and guard rails in accordance with the new law regulating the conduct of elections. Election districts containing 250 voters will require five voting shelves or compartments, and rooms suitable for holding elections therein will require, if square, to be about 15x15 feet; if not square, to contain not less than 250 square feet of floor space. Persons desiring to submit samples of shelves or compartments, guard rails and ballot boxes, should file proposals in writing for furnishing the same, or written estimates of the cost of their construction, such proposals or estimates to include the cost of delivery at the respective offices of the County Commissioners of Pennsylvania.

**Save Yourself Money.**—When you go to Pittsburg, Pa., stop at the Anchor Hotel, corner Liberty and Fourth streets. It is a strictly first-class Hotel conducted on the European plan. Lodgings, 25,—35, or 50 cents. a16-1y


ONE POUND
PEOPLE'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from Impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*
JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Tutt's Pills
To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain
Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
Sold Everywhere.

BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER
SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES
ATLAS ENGINE WORKS,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists
ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

HIRES ROOT BEER
THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful Picture Book and cards sent FREE to any one sending address to the C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$5000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & Co., PORTLAND, MAINE.

SULPHUR BITTERS
The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.
This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use not ever take
BLUE PILLS
or mercury, they are dead SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no ly. Place your trust in matter what ails SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best you, use medicine ever made.
Is your Tongue Coated Sulphur Bitters!
with a yellow sticky Don't wait until you substance? Is your are unable to walk, or breath foul and are flat on your back, offensive? Your but get some at once, it stomach is out will cure you. Sulphur of order. Use Bitters is
SULPHUR
BITTERS The Invalid's Friend.
immediately The young, the aged and tot- Is your Ur- tering are soon made well by ine thick, its use. Remember what you ropy, clo- read here, it may save your udy, or life, it has saved hundreds.
Don't wait until to-morrow,
Try a Bottle To-day!
Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
Don't Wait!
High-colored, offensive
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

Only Temperance Bitters Known.
VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL
PURELY — D. WALKER'S — CALIFORNIA
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS
GRANDEST - MODERN - DISCOVER
Triumph of Pharmacy
The only true practical
ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.
is one that promotes digestion, improves th appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken
*Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving stimulus without alcohol.* The only medicine with such powers in the world.
A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,
far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called
LIQUID LIFE,
since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls.*
It is no use to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist*, and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known
CALIFORNIA,
If remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, gun dice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present
PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.
Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this
PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.
In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.
THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.
THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
REMEMBER,
There is no *disease* of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which
VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,
and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of
THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA
In malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an
UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.
A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in *a majority of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*
OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTER IN THE HOUSE.
Send for our Ladies book. Address
Address R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO
2 Washington St. New York

I CURE FITS!
When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
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REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.


## RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 14, 1890.

| STATIONS | Dis | A.M | WESTWARD A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| LOCK HAVEN | | 4 40 | 9 15 | 4 29 |
| Flemington—f | 1.8 | 4 43 | 9 19 | 4 33 |
| Mill Hall | 3.0 | 4 46 | 9 22 | 4 36 |
| Beech Creek | 8.3 | 4 56 | 9 34 | 4 48 |
| Eagleville—f | 9.9 | 4 59 | 37 | 4 40 |
| Howard | 14.5 | 5 07 | 9 48 | 4 49 |
| Curtin | 17.7 | 5 14 | 9 56 | 4 55 |
| Milesburg | 19.9 | 5 18 | 10 01 | 5 02 |
| BELLEFONTE | 23.5 | 5 25 | 10 12 | 5 10 |
| Milesburg | 21.7 | 5 35 | 10 25 | 5 20 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 24.5 | 5 48 | 10 3. | 39 |
| Unionville | 26.5 | 5 55 | 10 48 | 5 41 |
| Julian | 32.9 | 6 05 | 10 59 | 6 05 |
| Martha | 37.1 | 6 15 | 11 09 | 6 09 |
| Port Matilda | 40.4 | 6 21 | 11 17 | 6 06 |
| Hannah—f | 43.7 | 6 28 | 11 25 | 6 12 |
| Fowler—f | 45.6 | 6 30 | 7 29 | 6 15 |
| Dix—f | 46.3 | 6 33 | 11 32 | 6 18 |
| Bald Eagle | 49.3 | 6 40 | 11 38 | 6 24 |
| Vail | 51.2 | 6 44 | 11 43 | 6 28 |
| East Tyrone | 53.— | 6 48 | 11 48 | 6 32 |
| TYRONE | 54.8 | 6 55 | 11 55 | 6 40 |

| STATIONS | Dis | A.M | EASTWARD P. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| TYRONE | | 8 10 | 2 19 | 7 15 |
| East Tyrone | 1.8 | 8 17 | 8 17 | 7 22 |
| Vail | 3.1 | 8 20 | 8 20 | 7 26 |
| Bald Eagle | 6.0 | 8 25 | 8 24 | 7 33 |
| Dix—f | 8.9 | 8 30 | 8 30 | 7 39 |
| Fowler—f | 9.5 | 8 32 | 8 33 | 7 42 |
| Hannah—f | 10.6 | 8 35 | 8 37 | 7 46 |
| Port Matilda | 12.9 | 8 43 | 8 44 | 7 55 |
| Martha | 17.3 | 8 51 | 8 52 | 8 05 |
| Julian | 21.4 | 8 59 | 4 01 | 8 15 |
| Union ville | 25.5 | 9 10 | 4 16 | 8 45 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 29.5 | 9 18 | 4 18 | 8 55 |
| Milesburg | 30.8 | 9 22 | 4 20 | 8 59 |
| BELLEFONTE | 33.5 | 9 32 | 4 30 | 8 09 |
| Milesburg | 36.8 | 9 47 | 4 40 | 9 01 |
| Curtin | 34.4 | 10 01 | 4 47 | 9 |
| Mt Eagle—f | 36.5 | 10 06 | 4 55 | 9 |
| Howard | 39.8 | 10 16 | 5 02 | |
| Eagleville—f | 44.4 | 10 36 | 5 19 | |
| Beech Creek | 45.9 | 10 35 | 5 16 | 9 48 |
| Mill Hall | 51.3 | 10 09 | 9 24 | 10 01 |
| Flemington | 52.5 | 10 54 | 5 27 | 10 06 |
| LOCK HAVEN | 54.3 | 11 09 | 5 36 | 10 10 |

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

| Westward Dis. | Stations | Dis. | Eastward A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| P.M A.M | | | | |
| 5 05 1 31 | SCOTIA | 25.6 | 9 21 | 4 47 |
| 5 25 10 21 5.3 | Fairbrook | 20.3 | 9 09 | 4 27 |
| 5 37 10 28 8.7 | Penna. Furnace | 16.9 | 8 56 | 4 15 |
| 5 44 10 34 10.5 | Hostler f | 15.0 | 8 50 | 4 08 |
| 5 50 10 46 12.3 | Marengo f | 13.0 | 8 43 | 4 01 |
| 5 57 10 52 13.5 | Loveville f | 12.1 | 8 37 | 3 55 |
| 6 04 10 58 15.2 | Furnace Road f | 10.4 | 8 31 | 3 49 |
| 6 08 11 02 15.8 | Dungarvin f | 9.8 | 8 27 | 3 45 |
| 6 18 11 10 18.2 | Warriors Mark | 7.4 | 8 19 | 3 36 |
| 6 23 11 20 20.5 | Pennington | 5.1 | 8 10 | 3 30 |
| 6 40 11 32 23.5 | Stover | 2.1 | 7 58 | 3 1 |
| 6 50 11 40 25.6 | TYRONE | | 7 50 | 3 1 |

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.1[illegible] a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.[illegible] p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

| Dis. Westward | | | | | Eastward | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | a.m. | p.m. | | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. |
| .0 | 5.50 | 2.15 | MONTANDON | 5.30 | 9.20 | 5.45 |
| 1.5 | 6.18 | 2.25 | Ar. LEWISBURG Lv | 5.20 | 9.10 | 5.35 |
| 1.5 | 6.18 | 2.25 | Lv. LEWISBURG Ar | | 9.15 | 5.38 |
| 5.4 | 6.30 | 2.35 | Biehl f | | 9.00 | 5.26 |
| 6.8 | 6.35 | 2.40 | Vicksburg f | | 8.55 | 5.20 |
| 10.7 | 6.45 | 2.50 | MIFFLINBURG | | 8.45 | 5.10 |
| 13.1 | 6.52 | 2.57 | Barber f | | 8.36 | 5.0 |
| 15.2 | 6.58 | 3.03 | Swengle f | | 8.30 | 4.5 |
| 18.1 | 7.05 | 3.05 | Millmont | | 8.27 | 4.5 |
| 18.6 | 7.08 | 3.14 | LAURELTON | | 8.17 | 4.06 |
| 23.5 | 7.19 | 3.25 | Parsee f | | 8.06 | 4.56 |
| 28.9 | 7.33 | 3.38 | Cherry Run f | | 7.53 | 4.22 |
| 32.2 | 7.43 | 3.48 | Paddy Mt. Tunnel f | | 7.43 | 4.12 |
| 33.9 | 7.48 | 3.54 | Ingleby f | | 7.39 | 4.07 |
| 36.6 | 7.53 | 4.00 | Coburn | | 7.37 | 4.06 |
| 39.6 | 8.01 | 4.08 | Zerby f | | 7.21 | 3.52 |
| 43.4 | 8.10 | 4.17 | Rising Springs | | 7.13 | 3.43 |
| 46.2 | 8.15 | 4.25 | Penn's Cave f | | 7.08 | 3.35 |
| 49.2 | 8.24 | 4.30 | CENTRE HALL | | 6.58 | 3.28 |
| 51.6 | 8.32 | 4.37 | Gregg f | | 6.51 | 3.23 |
| 54.6 | 8.37 | 4.43 | Linden Hall | | 6.48 | 3.16 |
| 56.7 | 8.42 | 4.48 | OAK HALL | | 6.38 | 3.11 |
| 58.3 | 8.46 | 4.52 | LEMONT | | 6.34 | |
| 60.2 | 8.51 | 4.57 | Dale Summit f | | 6.29 | |
| 63.9 | 9.00 | 5.06 | Pleasant Gap f | | 6.19 | |
| 65.2 | 9.04 | 5.10 | Axeman f | | 6.14 | |
| 67.4 | 9.10 | 5.15 | BELLEFONTE | | 6.10 | 2.48 |

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

| EASTWARD. No.5 | No.2 | Dis. | STATIONS | WESTWARD Dis. | No.1 | No.3 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P.M | A.M | | | | A.M | P.M |
| 6 23 | 9 10 | 18. | Ar. BELLEFONTE. Lv | 0. | 6 00 | 3 00 |
| 6 13 | 9 03 | 17. | Scalp | 1. | 6 27 | 3 09 |
| 6 08 | 8 59 | 16. | Morris | 2. | 6 11 | 3 13 |
| 6 05 | 8 54 | 15. | Whitmer | 4. | 6 16 | 3 [illegible] |
| 5 59 | 8 51 | | Linn | | 6 1[illegible] | 3 23 |
| 5 57 | 8 48 | 12.5 | Hunters | 5.5 | 6 22 | 3 26 |
| 5 53 | 8 44 | 11.2 | Filmore | 6.8 | 9 26 | 3 30 |
| 5 47 | 8 40 | 9.5 | Briarly | 8.5 | 6 32 | 3 36 |
| 5 43 | 8 36 | 8. | Waddles | 10. | 6 38 | 3 43 |
| | 8 33 | | Matterns | | | 3 46 |
| | 8 25 | | Stormstown | | | 3 52 |
| | 8 19 | | Red Bank | | | 3 59 |
| 5 39 | 8 09 | 6.9 | Scotia Crossing | 11.1 | 6 45 | 4 09 |
| 5 24 | 7 25 | 2. | Krumrine | 16. | 7 00 | 4 |
| 5 20 | 7 20 | 0. | LYSTATE COLLEGE AR | 18. | 7 04 | 4 |

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.
Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.
Train 8 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.
THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 26th 1890.

| | | WESTWARD | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL leaves | Philadelphia daily | 11 25 | p m |
| " " | Harrisburg " | 3 30 | a m |
| " " | Williamsport " | 7 10 | a m |
| " " | Jersey Shore " | 7 32 | a m |
| " " | Lock Haven " | 7 47 | a m |
| " " | Renovo " | 8 30 | a m |
| " arrives | Erie " | 3 40 | p m |
| NIAGRA EXP. leaves | Phil'a week days | 3 50 | a m |
| " " | Harrisburg " | 12 15 | p m |
| " arrives at | Williamsport " | 8 05 | p |
| " " | Lock Haven " | 4 10 | p m |
| " " | Renovo " | 5 15 | p m |
| " " | Kane " | 9 15 | p m |
| Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at | | 5 20 | p m |
| FAST LINE leaves | Philada. week days | 11 40 | a m |
| " " | Harrisburg " | 3 45 | p m |
| " " | Williamsport " | 7 10 | p m |
| " arrives at | Lock Haven " | 02 | p m |
| " " | Renovo " | 00 | p m |
| NEWS EXP. leaves | Philadelphia | 9 1 | a m |
| " " | Harrisburg | 7 5 | a m |
| " " | Williamsport | 11 10 | a m |
| " arrives at | Lock Haven | 12 15 | p m |
| WMSPORT EXP. leaves | Philadelphia | 4 50 | p m |
| " " | Harrisburg | 7 5 | a m |
| " arrive | Williamsport | 11 | p m |

EASTWARD

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Snow Shoe | EXP. leaves | Lock Haven | W. | 7 | 0 m. |
| " | " | Jersey Shore | | | 9 00 |
| " | " | Williamsport | | | 10 [illegible] |
| " | arrives at | Harrisburg | | 11 | [illegible] |
| " | " | Philadelphia | | | 12 p m |
| DAY EXP. | leaves | Kane week days | | 7 | 10 a m |
| " | " | Renovo | | 10 | 80 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 11 | 30 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 12 | 30 [illegible] |
| " | arrives | at Harrisburg | | | 6 00 p m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | | | 7 50 p m |
| ERIE MAIL | leaves | Erie daily | | | 2 25 p m |
| " | " | Renovo | | 10 | 30 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 11 | 25 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 12 | 25 a m |
| " | arrives at | Harrisburg | | 1 | 20 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | | | 50 a m |
| RENOVO ACM | leaves | Renovo w. d | | 4 | 30 p m |
| " | " | arrives at Harrisburg | | | 45 p m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | | 4 | 25 a m |
| WMSPORT EXP. | leaves | Williamsport | | 2 | 25 a m |
| " | " | arrives at Harrisburg | | 5 | 30 a m |
| " | " | " Philadelphia | | 7 | 00 a m |
| " | " | " Philadelphia | | 10 | 20 m |

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with train on L & A M S R R at Corry with B P & W N R at Emporium with S, N Y & P R R; and at Driftwood with A V R R.
ROBERT NEILSON, General Agt.

# Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents. No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LEASER
Editor and Business Manager.


## Local Department.

—Who said there would be no winter?

—The court house nuisance will be abated.

—One week from to-morrow is Turkey Gobbler Day.

—The glass works are now in the hands of the Sheriff.

—Next week commences the regular turm of criminal court.

—'Squire Foster was out hunting on Monday and got one small pheasant.

—One week from to-morrow night will be the first play for some weeks in Garman's opera house. It will be a minstrel troupe.

—We notice that General Hastings is to lecture in Lock Haven on December 15th, at the Teacher's Institute, on "Education and Citizenship."

—The eclipse was hardly visible on Sunday night. It is really too bad that the only phenomena of the kind during the year should be obscured by a cloud-covered sky.

—The oyster and chicken and waffle supper at the Iron Workers' church at the forge was well attended and proved a source of enjoyment as well as of revenue for the church.

—W. H. Michaels, the brakeman who had his ankle injured on the railroad a few mornings since, is slowly improving and bids fair to recover fully and completely from the injury.

—Dr. Atherton, President of the State College, has been made chairman of the committee which has in charge the arrangment of the exhibit, at the World's Fair, from all the colleges founded under the National Land Grant.

—This morning the train that during the smmer arrived in Bellefonte at 4.55 a. m., came into the station at 5.35 just forty minutes later. The mail east came in fifteen minutes earlier and this evening the train will be five minutes later.

—W. I Swoope, Esq., will deliver his lecture, "An Hour with Shakespeare," illustrated by dramatic recitals from the master's plays, next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Academy. All interested in Shakespeare's works are cordially invited to be present.

—The Bellefonte glass works have again closed down, owing to their inability to make glass on a margin at present prices. It is very discouraging to both owners and workmen to have the works closed at this time of year with no certainty as to when, if ever, they will resume operations.

—She was smart and she was pretty and her elders thought her witty, and she tipped the "light fantastic" like a fay; she could read both French and Latin, she looked sweet in print or satin, and it made your heart strings throb to hear her play. But in single life she tarried, and, she never never married, and she'll be a spinster till she dies; for she made a proud defiance to the culinary science, and never learned the mystery of pies!

—There are some people in this world who are too stingy mean to take their home paper but who always make it a practice to run in to the neighbor's just a minute as soon as the said paper is left at the door. And these are the very people who are ever ready and always first to find fault with the paper. Such people are entirely devoid of one spark of manhood, else they would quit reading and condemning the paper or else buy and pay for their own.

—Some of the newspapers which published notices of the eclipse of the moon on Sunday night were either mistaken as to the time it was to have occurred or else the Almanace is wrong. The newspapers stated it would begin about 9.30 p. m. and last five hours, while the almanacs state it was to begin at 5. and last until 9. For this reason a large number of people failed to see the the eclipse but we have heard of a few persons who got a glimps of it at 7.30 in the evening. Of course the cloudy evening prevented many from seeing it.

One of the finest among the December magazine is Peterson's. Its general make-up is very attractive, with the beautiful engravings, colored fashion plates, work-table designs, and other fine illustrations. It is one of the best magazines published for ladies and the household, and furnishes a large amount of useful and interesting reading matter. Its contributors have always been among the most popular writers of America, and for 1892 quite a number of other noted authors are added, among them Julian Hawthorne, Octave Thanet, Kate Wallace Clemments, etc. We cannot too warmly recommend such of our readers as are not already subscribers to take Petersons next year. The price is but $2.00 per year, and much lower when taken in clubs. Valuable premiums are offered to those who will get up clubs Send for a sample copy with club terms and premium offers. Address, Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

## COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

The Borough Fathers Held Quite a Long Session Monday Night.

Council convened at 8.10 o'clock with six members present. Among the absent ones was the Honorable President Mr. George L. Potter. In his absence Mr. W. Hillibish was elected President pro tem. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Superintendent of the Telephone company W. L. Malin, appeared in behalf of the Long Distance Telephone company to ask of council permission to run a line in the borough to connect with the Central office on High street.

Mr, J. Kyle McFarlane was present to ask council to have boardwalks on East Linn street repaired.

A petition was presented from persons of the south ward asking for the control of the property of the Undine Hose company to continue the same as one of the active fire companies of the town. To this petition was also attached a petition signed by almost all of the residents of the South ward praying that the first petition be granted. A petition was also presented from another party asking council to grant them the right to continue the Undine Hose company as heretofore.

Street committee had no report to make. Water committee reported some little trouble at the spring on account of wall falling in. Also some improvements made in various places. Fire and police. Market, nuisance and Finance committees had no report to make.

The special committee appointed to investigate the trouble in the Undine Hose company reported having met the members of said company and found the same in a very demoralized condition and recommended that the council take possession of all the property and put the same under lock and key until further arrangements can be made.

During the reading of said report President Potter made his appearance and president pro tem Hillibish vacated the chair in his favor.

The ordinance presented by the long distance telephone company was read and after some little discussion was passed as read, the telephone company agreeing to pay all expense of publication, etc.

The request of Mr. McFarlane was referred to the street committee for investigation and power to act.

The report of the committee to inquire into the trouble of the Undine Hose company was adopted and the Fire and Police committee instructed to take charge of the property. In regard to the two petitions received from members of the Undine Hose company it was moved and seconded that the petition be laid on the table for the present. In a poll vote of the council the motion was lost. Another motion was then made that the Fire and Police committee be authorized to select five members from among the signers of the charter application and that they together organize a new company. The motion was carried.

County Commissioner T. F. Adams was present to again hear council in the matter of laying a sewer pipe down High street. After some discussion council voted to grant the commissioners the privilege of putting down a six inch pipe and that for any T's required to be put in the council would pay the extra cost. The commissioners will now accept this.

With the approval of the bills council adjourned.

## BLANCHARD BUBBLES.

Mr. N. M. Kunes is back at his old stand doing a rushing business.

Mr. William Steel, Jr., is the Daniel Boone in our community. Squirrel, rabbits and wild turkey are an easy prey to his unerring rifle.

Elder M. S. Blair, of the Disciple church is holding a protracted meeting assisted by Elders Long, of Lock Haven, and Hart, of Williamsport. The writer hopes they will instruct the members to search out the needy ones in the community and administer to their wants, whether they be in the fold or out, and not be outdone by the I. O. O. F. Lodge, No. 427.

On last Wednesday many friends met at the residence of William Stull, Sr., on his birthday anniversary, surprising him by bringing in presents and having a good time in general. It is a consolation to his friends to know that the afflicted is a christian gentleman and is deserving.

The writer suggests that our Baptist friends import two or three Deacons filled with the Holy Ghost so as to prevent any further discord in their church.

We are soon to be favored with an oratorical treat at the opera house by the Grist Mill and Foundryman, on the subject "Skating Pants." His next subject will be "Woman's Rights." He is amply able to discuss these questions. The date of delivery will be announced through the papers.

Pex.

## INTERNAL REVENUE COLLECTONS.

Washington, November 15.—The annual report of John W. Mason, commissioner of internal revenue, has been submitted to the secretary of the treasury. The total receipts for the fiscal year from all sources were $146,035 416, an increase of $3,440,710 over the receipts of the previous fiscal year. The receipts for the present fiscal year $337,742,638, an increase of $797,905 over the receipts of the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. The cost of collection for the past fiscal year was $4,210,604, or 2.88 per cent. of the receipts. The cost for the previous year was 2·82 per cent. of the collections. The estimated expenses for the next fiscal year are $4'522,580. During the year 698 stills were destroyed and 97 were removed, involving the arrest of 378 persons, The aggregate ammount of taxes collected from tobacco during the last fiscal year was $32,796. 270.

## THE PERILS OF FIREMEN.

One Crushed to Death and Two Critically Injured.

Cleveland, Ohio, November 15.—One of the most threatening fires Cleveland has had in several years broke out this evening and before it was extinguished at midnight it had destroyed $20,000 worth property and resulted in the death of one fireman and the serious injury of two others.

The fire started in the big job printing established of Short & Forman, and inside of five minutes the flames were through the roof. The fire burned fiercely and spread rapidly to the four other buildings adjoining and all were soon enveloped in flames. The Johnson house, a five-story brick building fronting on Superior street, was next in the pat of the fire and the flames played over and around its roof. The guests made a hasty exit and it seemed almost certain that the hotel would be destroyed together with the Weddell house which adjoins.

One of the first steamers to arrive was No. 1 and Captain John Grady and Fireman Michael Hawley and Charles Ward of the same company carried the line into the burning building. An instant later one of the floors fell crushing Captain Grady to death and seriously injuring Hawley and Ward. Grady's body was recovered and the other two were sent to a hospital where they are reported to be in a critical condition. After an hour's hard work the firemen gained the mastery of the fire, saved the two hotels and confined the flames to the Frankfort street buildings.

## IN OTHER COUNTIES.

Sheriff-elect James M. Shumaker, of Cambria county, was married Thursday evening to Miss Antonia Lambert, of Johnstown.

Herbert Spencer, an inmate of the Lycoming county jail on the charge of horse stealing, attempted to commit suicide Wednesday night.

Ellsworth Luce was sentenced to eight years and four months in the penitentiary by Judge Doty, of Westmoreland county, on Thursday. Luce was found guilty of attempting to wreck a trian.

The large barn belonging to George and Lewis Springer, of Mt. Pleasant township, Westmoreland county, together with all its contents, was entirely consumed by fire Wednesday night. The loss will probably be from $1,200 to $1, 500.

The Bedford Coal and Iron company has leased to the Huntingdon and Broad Top railroad company two veins of coal in a tract of 228 acres in Broad Top township. The railroad company is to mine and take out not less than 50,000 tons of coal annually.

While out hunting in the wilds of Somerset county on Thursday Dr. Horace E. Kistler, of Johnstown, had his right hand badly injured by the accidental discharge of his gun. He was attempting to cross a rail fence when it broke, one of the rails striking the gun, discharging it.

From the Lewistown Gazette: Friday afternoon some person tried to wreck a train at Wagner by placing broken links, brake shoes, bolts and other kinds of railroad iron on the track. The first piece of iron was placed on the rail within fifty yards of the station and at regular intervals for a distance of one mile. The obstruction was discovered by Levi Kerstetter and he and W. Martin flagged the first train that came along and prevented what would otherwise have been a serious accident.

## THAT DRAIN PIPE,

At last the commissioners have been granted by council the privilege of laying a six inch drain pipe from the public building down high street to Spring creek. Several days ago we stated that the commissioners intended using the old well in front of the court house as a cess pool and had given up the idea of coming to the creek. This was done because council demanded the laying of a ten inch pipe and the putting in of crosses every hundred feet. As the commissioners did not feel like doing all this for the accommodation of the town they abandoned that course and purposed using the old well.

A large number of persons complained about doing that and for this reason council reconsidered their former demand and voted to allow the putting down of a six inch pipe and council to furnish all T's they may want put in. As this was the standing proposition of the commissioners they accepted the same and now the pipe will be laid down to the creek. Work has already been begun and it will not be many days until the court house nuisance will be abated.

## Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Postoffice Nov. 17 1891.

Linie Barrett; O. J. Goss; J. Gilbert; J. W. Garman; Chase. Harrings; May Roberts.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. Fiedler P. M.

—This was a bad morning for the curb market. Only a few wagons were assembled and the attendance was very small.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

Following in the President's Wake Governor Pattison Fixes the Day.

Harrisburg, November, 15.—Governor Pattison yesterday issued the following proclamation:

To the Citizens of Pennsylvania: Devout gratitude to the Almighty Being whose blessings have been so conspicuously dispensed in the past, and whose guardianship and guidance we earnestly implore for the future, make it fitting and proper that a people so favored should pause amid the enjoymnet of prosperity to gratefully acknowledge and return thanks to the Divine Author of their blessings.

Now, therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison, governor of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do recommend Thursday, the 26th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1891, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. On that day let all secular business be suspended, and let the people assemble in their usual places of worship, and with prayer and songs of praise devoutly testify their gratitude for His goodness and His wonderful works and for all that He has done for us in the year that has passed; for our marvelous exemption from calamity; for our security against the "pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noon day," for that health which to an unusual extent that has prevailed within our borders; for the bountiful harvest which have rewarded the labors of the husband man and contributed to the substancial wealth of the state, for the content which follows plenty and for the signs of prosperity which are manifested on every hand.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the state, at the city of *Harrisburg*, this 41th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1891, and of the commonwealth one

Robert E. Pattison.

Wm. F. Harrity,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

## Jersey Shore Post Office Robbed.

The post office at Jersey Shore was robbed last night and the amount taken in stamps and money was, one account says, $500, but Postmaster Pott put it at $200 in conversation with a gentleman from this city who happened to be there this morning. The door of the safe was blown to pieces, all except the outside shell, and some supposed it was done by dynamite, while some of the machanics in the Beech Creek railroad shops thought it might have been done with an hydranlic pump. A hole was drilled between the combination and the knob of the safe that turns the bolts. There being no signs of smoke the hydraulic pump theory seems plausible.

A telephone message received by Chief Westbrook since the above was written, says that the robbery occured about two o'clock this morning and that the amout taken is between $400 and $500. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the robbery.

Postmaster Pott keeps a store in addition to the post office and says that the thieves entered through the front door. Books, papers and boxes were scattered over the floor Mr. Pott does not think that anything in the store was taken.—Saturday's Lock Haven *Democrat*.

## THE WORLD'S W. T. C. U.

The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a meeting at Boston Wednesday. A declaration of principles, which has the following for its preamble was adopted:

"In the love of God and humanity, we, representing the Christian women of the world, band ourselves together with the solemn conviction that our united faith and works will, with God's blessing, prove helpful in creating a strong public sentiment in favot of personal purity of life, including total abstience from the use of all narcotic poisons, the protection of the home by the outlawing of the tariff in alcoholic liquors, opium, tobacco and impurity; the supression by law of gambling and Sunday desecration, the enfranchisement of the women; national and international arbitration which shall banish war from the world. The declaration is in the nature of a pledge, blinding the members to work for the union and asking others to make common cause against liquor and narcotics.

## Allen G. Thurman 78 Years Old.

Columbus, Ohio, November 13.—"The Grand Old Man," not merely in Ohio, but in the United States is 78 years old today. The anniversary is shorn of much that would be bright and cheerful to Allen G. Thurman, for the willow rocking chair that has stood so long by the side of the open fire plate in the old English sitting room that leads out on the first floor is empty, bearing testimony to the fact that his venerable partner in life's joys and sorrows will be seen no more on earth. The Thurman Club had intended to give an elaborate banquet in honor of the day, but the death of Mrs. Thurman has caused a modification of arrangements and whatever celebrated may take place will be privation.

## PRAYING FOR RAIN.

Cincinnati, November 14.—Downriver towns are in a state of agony over their coal supply. There is not a town between here and Pittsburg with over ten days fuel on hand with the present weather and much less if it grows colder, as indications favor. Scarcely one of these towns has access to a railroad, and all are therefore wholly dependent in the river and adjacent wood to be had, and the situation at many points borders on the desperate. Quite a number of small manufacturing enterprises shut down to-night on account of the scarcity of coal, thus adding to the distress of the poor caused by cold weather and the famine price of coal.

At a number of points special services will be held to morrow, and prayer for rain offered. There is also an unusual ammount of sickness prevalent, and the death rate is the highest for years. Urgent pleas for coal sent to dealers here cannot be answered because Cincinnati hasn't a bushel to spare, and the river continues to fade away.

## HIS FOOT SMASHED.

W. H. Michaels Injured on the Railroad This Morning.

This morning about seven o'clock while the Lewisburg freight was shifting cars in the yard by the roundhouse a brakeman, Mr. William H. Michaels, was knocked down by the engine and his one ankle crushed so badly that it may be necessary to amputate his foot.

Michaels was standing on the main line taking the number of the cars as the train was being made up on the long siding. One car stood near him on the main track and he supposed the engineer intended pushing it with a pole in on the siding, instead of that the engine was brought up on the main track to pull the car out, and Michaels, all unconscious, stood still. It was not until the engine was almost upon him that he noticed his danger. He jumped but too late to get entirely out of the way and the pilot struck and knocked him down and, according to his story one pony wheel of the engine ran over his ankle.

He was gathered up and brought to the depot on the engine and from there was taken in a carriage to his home on Beaver street, where his wife lay sick in bed. It is now believed that it will not be necessary to amputate the foot.


Routes Rheumatism.—Mr. Charles Lawrence, of Ashland, Nebraska, desires that sufferers from Rheumatism should know his experience with S. S. S., and writes under date of July 27, 1891, that he was a great sufferer from acute rheumatism for more than six months. He had quite a number of physicians to treat him, and also took other medicines, without any permanent benefit. A friend told him to try S. S. S. He did so, and used only four bottles, which cured him sound and well. He recommends it to all who suffer from rheumatism. Rheumatism has been conceded to be a trouble in the blood, and we have numbers of reports from the most reliable people in the country that it has cured the most aggravated cases. We certainly recommend every sufferer to send for our treatise on blood and skin diseases, which will be mailed free. Address,

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.


## Personal Pencilings.

Editor Charles R. Kurtz journeyed on Saturday to the new town of Hastings in Cambria county where sojourned over Sunday.

Mr. J. S. Smith, of Snow Shoe, was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday. He reports everything quiet in the little mountain town.

Miss Kate Kelley, one of Snow Shoe's handsome young bells, after spending a week with her friends in Bellefonte, returned to her home on Tuesday evening.

Miss Georgine Lambert, daughter of Col. Lambert of Philadelphia, was an arrival in Bellefonte on Friday evening and is now the guest of Mrs. D. *H.* Hastings, at her home on Allegheny street.

## CAUSED A SENSATION.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 17.—A sensational story was told in court here to-day by A. V. Carpenter, who testified in the case of some sixteen insurance companies against D. W. Holt, of Philipsburg, Centre county, to recover moneys paid him on his lumber yard insurance. Carpenter swore he had been hired by Holt to falsify the lumber record book and then set fire to the Loch Lomond yards, which he did successfully in three places. Judge Orvis, counsel for the defendant, failed in attempting to break down this witnesses' damaging evidence. Holt secured some $120,000 insurance from the different companies.

Some favor a tariff for revenue only some a tariff with incidental protection, and some a tariff for protection, per se; but a large majority favor the free use of Salvation Oil for cuts and bruises.

An endless chain of certificates verify the excellence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

## RUSSIA IS ACTIVE.

That is the Czar's Police Keep's a Strict Watch Over Affairs.

London, November 11.—A dispatch received here this evening confirms the reports of the extraordinary activity of the Russian government. This dispatch states that a short time ago it came the knowledge of the police that conspiracy was under way. The authorities, through the system of espionage which prevails throughout Russia, were able to learn who the conspirators were, their place of meeting and in fact everything connected with the plot. While secretly pursuing their investigations in St. Petersburg, they found that the conspirators were only a part of a very numerous band, the headquarters of which was located in Moscow. They learned also that the conspirators had been very active in securing adherents to their plan, and that the conspiracy had ramifications which spread to all the principal cities of the empire. The object of the conspiracy just unearthed, unlike the majority of plots discovered in Russia, was not to kill the czar, but was the organization of a movement having for its end the creation of a representative assembly—an object which has been the dream of many Russians for a number of years. Sixty members of the nobility and of the upper and middle classes, who are charged with complicity in the conspiracy, have been arrested. The discovery of the plot and arrest of so many prominent subjects has caused a sensation in Russia.

## LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

The line of the long distance telephone has now been completed from New York to Pittsburg and the company is at work running a line from Altoona to Tyrone. They will then continue on down Bald Eagle Valley taking in Bellefonte, Lock Haven and on down through Williamsport to Hazleton. It is more than probable that the connection with this place will be made inside of ten days. It is intended by the company, when the line is completed, to give an exhibition in this place of talking with Philadelphia, New York, Boston and other eastern cities.


## BLANKET YOUR HORSE.

Now that cold weather is at hand it is to the interest of every person to see that his stock is properly cared for. Every one knows how he feels when he is not perfectly warm and protected from the colds and draughts, and how apt he is to catch cold. There is no animal which is so susceptible to draughts and chills as your horse. At night when sleeping his blood becomes sluggish and he is liable to catch cold. In recent years it has become the fixed rule with all owners of good stock to carefully blanket their horses not only when out of doors, but also in the stable. It has been found that horses eat less to keep warm, are kept in better condition, and are more valuable by being blanketed. One of the most essential features which should be looked at when purchasing a horse blanket is its strength. Too much credit cannot be given to the manufactures of the celebrated 5-A Blanket is what you want. There are 100 different styles made square for outdoor use and shaped for stable use at prices to suit everybody.


## HE HATED PUBLICITY.

Detroit Free Press.

This is what Mr. Gall wrote on a postal card one evening and then went five blocks to drop it into a letter-box, after addressing the card to the editor of the *Daily Bugle*:

"Mr. C. Charles Gall, of the well known and justly popular firm of Gall & Gritt, leaves to-morrow evening for an extensive Southern trip, accompanied by his estimable wife."

And this is a bit of conversation Mr. Gall had with one of his neighbors who met him in the horse-car the next morning:

"Hello, Gall," said the neighbor, "I see by this morning's *Bugle* that you and Mrs. Gall intend going on a trip South."

"Ha, so the *Bugle* fellows have got hold of that, have they? Hang these newspaper reporters, anyhow! There's no keeping anything from them. I haven't seen a *Bugle* man for a month and I haven't spoken about our trip to three persons, and yet those *Bugle* fellows got hold of it. Hanged if I ain't a mind to send the editor a note and tell him I wish he'd let me and my private affairs alone after this. It's a little annoying, you know, to have one's name bandied around so common like in the papers. I hate publicity of that sort."


## MEDICAL VALUE OF WINES.

As a general rule the use of wine is not necessary for young persons in good health. As, however, life advances and the circulation becomes languid natural red wine used in moderation, becomes an essential article and in many cases absolutely necessary, but it must be the pure product of the grapes. The physician meets large numbers of people, especially women, who cannot digest the food and drinks. The wines produced in New Jersey, especially the Burgundy and the Port Grape Wines from Alfred Speer's Vineyards, at Passaic are the more reliable and most sought after by physicians and those who have traveled abroad and know what wines are.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE